

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXI.—No. 544.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 8th, 1907.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
BY POST 1/6.



SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND HER SONS.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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NATURAL AND . . . UNNATURAL HISTORY.

PROBABLY no great amount of attention has been given by people in this country to the quarrel between President Roosevelt and Mr. W. J. Long. We have so long been accustomed to let every writer follow his own bent, that the protest made by the President of the United States and Mr. John Burroughs wears to many eyes an appearance of extravagance. Yet both of these men, whatever may be their other qualities, are devoted lovers of the open air. If that line of writers which is represented by Izaak Walton, White of Selborne, Richard Jefferies and Thoreau has any worthy representative to-day, it surely is Mr. John Burroughs, and, undoubtedly, he and his friends in making the protest, which has been repeated on several occasions, are considering to a great extent the education of the young. By education we do not mean school instruction, but that wider development of the mind which comes from reading and experience. Now, there are certain forms of writing to which it is not good that children should become accustomed. One of them takes the form of writing about animals as if the subject itself was writing its autobiography. The fashion has become common during the last decade not only in America, but in this country. Examples will rush to the mind of anyone who bestows even a passing glance upon current literature. The bear, the wolf, the otter, the fox and a variety of other animals have each been supposed to tell their several stories. The method is captivating in one way. Children and primitive man have always delighted

in giving a personality to their pet animals. This could be shown by the names which have been given to them. Take the creatures familiar to our own homesteads. The redbreast, for instance, is Robin, Jack and Jay are names applied to different daws. The raven from immemorial times has been Ralph, just as the fox is Reynard, the pie was Mag, and so on through a list of all the creatures most familiar to us. It is only a step further to make the individuals with these names recount their histories as though they had the intelligence of human beings. That in itself was quite harmless up to a certain point. It amused and interested young children in animals. It is in the elaboration of this method that we find abuse. Latterly whole books have been devoted to animal autobiographies. In one case a whole volume was devoted to the self-told story of a dog. When this is done it is almost impossible to avoid grave and serious error. Just as competent art critics are agreed that Landseer misused his fine talents when he tried to endow dogs with humanised expressions and fill them with a double portion of human sentiment, so he who imagines an animal biography is almost certain to make the creature more or less human before he is done. And this is not the way in which natural history should be taught, because no one has ever really penetrated into the mind, or what stands for mind, of the lower animals.

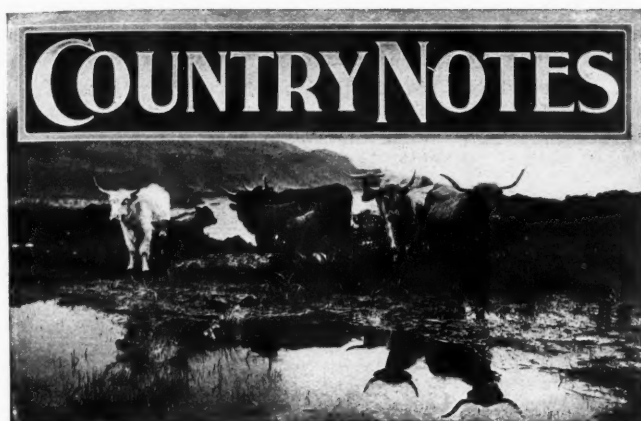
The pictures produced by this school of writers are without exception distorted. And here again we take it that President Roosevelt sees an analogy between literary and pictorial art. The time was when books for children were very often made out of grotesque and ugly composite pictures, such as are produced when the head of a man is put on the body of one of the lower animals or when the contrary method is followed and the animal's head is placed on the man's body. Ugliness such as this finds a place in the cheapest and most vulgar portion of the illustrated Press, but it has no proper place elsewhere. If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the young should be taught from infancy to love animals in their natural attitude and environment. And in depicting them so imagination and observation have plenty of scope. Even humour will always find its best exercise not in torturing the forms into shapes for which they never were intended, but in catching whatever is comical in their true aspect. We have read many of these so-called autobiographies, but never one which did not abound in the most patent absurdities. We remember especially, and fancy it was by this very Mr. W. J. Long, one in which a cub that was scarcely more than new-born derived a sort of poetic pleasure from surveying the sea and the sunset. This kind of error may not be so flagrant as was that of pretending to have seen an eagle catch her young on her back when they attempted to fly and failing to achieve the feat. But all the same such tales create an utterly false impression in the mind of the young reader, and are therefore something to be discarded.

It is very curious to note in this connection that if we study the works of the greatest writers on the open air we do not find any of them attempting a feat so impossible as that of discovering the mind and thought of one of the lower animals. No one ever asserted that Izaak Walton lacked imagination, yet the charm of what he has to say rests to a large extent on our knowledge that he only set down what he saw with his own fine and discriminating eyes. White of Selborne was almost austere in his avoidance of any treatment of open-air subjects that was not strictly natural. Richard Jefferies had much more of the romantic temperament than either White or Walton, but the nearest approach he ever made to the style of writing condemned by President Roosevelt was in his perfectly legitimate tale of Sir Bevis. Here he was probably going to a large extent on his own experience in depicting the impressions made on the opening intelligence of a child by the sights and sounds of Nature. It is also true that in "Wood Magic" he gave names and personalities to the chaffinch, the weasel, the hare and other animals; but it is not to be denied that this was where the book showed a weakness amounting to failure. We have but to compare those beautiful passages in which Sir Bevis is racing with the wind or listening to the murmur of the brook with the forced and elaborate account of the birds' war to see when Jefferies was on the right lines and when off them.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough and her two sons, from a photograph taken a fortnight ago. The Duchess is a daughter of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt of New York, and her marriage to the Duke of Marlborough took place in 1895.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



FROM a non-political standpoint there were certain portions of the speech made by the Prime Minister on Monday that deserve attention. In the first place, it would be a relief to those who have the management of estates on their hands, or who are keen on sport, to learn that there is to be no autumn session. When it has been found necessary to continue the sittings of Parliament into the autumn, the arrangement has proved an extremely annoying one. In the second place, it will be noted that the Bills most closely affecting country gentlemen are not included among the innocents that were slaughtered. The Small Holdings Bill for Scotland and the Small Holdings Bill for England are both to be proceeded with. One may be permitted all the same to entertain some doubt about their finding their way into the Statute Book. They raise a great deal of controversy, and even those who agree with them in principle will admit that they belong to a class of measure that ought never to be rushed through Parliament, without being subjected to the most careful and thorough criticism.

It is impossible to make any comment upon the characters of persons whose conduct is a matter of official investigation at the moment; but certainly the clever questioning at the Local Government Board Enquiry into the affairs of the Hammersmith Workhouse is eliciting information that will give ratepayers some reason for reflection. Among other things it seems that paupers have been provided with porcelain baths at the cost of £14 each. Now the majority of middle-class ratepayers, who have a struggle to make both ends meet, could not themselves afford to have baths of this very luxurious description. The majority of them would pay about half the price for an enamelled bath. We cannot imagine that, even in this very sentimental and humanitarian age, those who are forced to provide for the frail and impotent will be satisfied with the manner in which their money has been spent. It is not a case of an individual workhouse, but there are many institutions throughout the country where the expenditure for some time past has proceeded on an extravagant scale, and where the introduction of economy is very much to be desired.

Our readers will learn with very great regret of the death of Dr. Maxwell Tylden Masters, who for more than forty years has been the very able and distinguished editor of our contemporary, the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. The first editor was Dr. John Lindley, who died in 1865. At first Dr. Masters was co-editor on the journal with the late Thomas Moore, who was his colleague from 1866 to 1882; but for the whole forty-one years in which he was connected with it, Dr. Masters was the dominant personality of the journal. He was not only a very learned botanist and gardener himself, but was in touch with the most distinguished writers on that branch of science in the whole of Europe; indeed, many distinctions had been conferred on him by foreign societies. He had had a very distinguished career, and his death took place at a ripe old age. Indeed, it will be a difficult task to find anyone capable of filling the place he has left vacant.

Sir Charles Mark Palmer, who has just died, was the oldest member of the House of Commons, and might be justly called the maker of the town of Jarrow. He belonged to that energetic group of men who made ship-building a great industry in the North of England. He designed and built the first steam collier, an achievement the importance of which cannot easily be exaggerated. Sir Charles was born in 1822 at South Shields, so that at the time of his death he was over eighty years of age. His father was a shipowner and a coalowner. His Jarrow works were a success from the very first, and to day they give employment to about 12,000 men. He was created a baronet in 1886. In the locality Sir Charles will be much missed, as he took a very keen interest in Volunteering and other local movements.

We have several times commented on the fashion that has set in for caravanning this year. One of the latest enthusiasts over this pastime is Lady Arthur Grosvenor, who, on May 27th, started for a two-months' journey in her caravan. She is living up to the part in great style, as she travels as "Sarah Lee, licensed hawker," with four horses, four dogs and two birds. She dresses in keeping with the rôle she has adopted. It may be added that Lady Arthur Grosvenor was the first subscriber to the newly-established Gipsy Lore Society. Undoubtedly she ought to obtain a considerable amount of fun out of her exploit, unless, indeed, her fame flies before her. The more people that imagine her to be simply "Sarah Lee, licensed hawker," the more amusement is she likely to derive from her journey. She ought to see a good deal of life, as on her way to Dartmoor she is taking Ascot during the race week.

So seldom is it that a married couple celebrate the seventieth anniversary of their wedding that a word must be spared to Mr. and Mrs. Brinsmead, who are happy enough to have just done so. John Brinsmead in his old age can look back upon a life that has not only been prolonged beyond that which is generally considered the allotted span, but has been full of activity and usefulness. The history of his efforts to perfect the piano will, no doubt, be told some day. It is said in what remains of the greatest of our books, that it is good for a man to be diligent in his business, and that, undoubtedly, Mr. Brinsmead has been. At the same time he has been a lover of simplicity and a practiser of those unremembered acts of kindness which, according to the poet, constitute the greatest charm of life. He has been kind to his friends, kind to his people, kind to the poor and, above all, kind to the dumb animals.

BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE PLAIN.

Between the mountains and the plain
We leaned upon a rampart old;
Beneath, branch-blossoms trembled white;
Far-off, a dusky fringe of rain
Brushed low along a sky of gold,
Where earth spread lost in endless light.

The mountains in their glory rose,
Peak thronging peak; cloud-shadows mapped
The purpling brown with milky blue;
Removed, austere, shone rarer snows
Above dark ridges vapour-wrapped,—
Afar shone, Love, for me and you.

Sky-seeking mountains, boundless plain!
Old walls, and April-blossomed trees!
Of ever-young, world-ancient power,
The height, the space, was your refrain:
In us, us too, eternities
Sang, as our hearts broke into flower.

LAURENCE BINYON.

In the Parish Magazine of St. Anne's, Soho, the Rev. T. Allen Moxon, one of the clergy there, has a paper that suggests a kind of work which might be more widely attempted than it usually is. He has been collecting the rhymes sung by street children at their games, and these will be found very interesting by those who know anything of the subject at all. They show, at any rate, that the nature of little children remains just the same, whether they play in the lane or in the street. Among others he gives the rhymes used for what is called "pepper skipping," in which some rhymes are chanted finishing with "salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper." When the last four words are said the rope is turned faster, until at the 'pepper' the rope is turned at a furious rate, when the girl who is skipping generally fails after a few jumps and the next has her turn." One of the rhymes begins "Rit, tat, tat! Who is that? Only grandma's pussy-cat"; and another, "Up the ladder, down the wall, Halfpenny loaf to feed us all"; and a third, "Mabel, Mabel, lay the table, fetch me up a leg of pork." They exactly resemble in character those rhymes which country people repeat on similar occasions.

At the last meeting of the British Ornithologists' Union, Mr. C. B. Ticehurst exhibited a female sociable plover (*Vanellus gregarius*) in its first breeding plumage, which had been killed on May 3rd at Romney Marsh, Kent, from a flock of six. This makes the third time that this bird has been obtained in Great Britain. A native of the Crimea and Turkistan, the sociable plover is a rather handsome bird, in many ways recalling the dotterel (*Endromias morinellus*), and, like this bird, seems to prefer moorland to marshy ground. In winter it crosses the Pamirs to the

dry uplands of Sind and the sandy plains of India, wandering southwards to Ceylon. Arabia, Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia are also winter resorts of the sociable plover. So far, no adult example of this bird has been recorded from Great Britain. At this same meeting Dr. N. F. Ticehurst exhibited a specimen of the barred warbler (*Sylvia nisoria*), which had been killed at Woodchurch in Kent on April 24th, 1907. Two examples, both males, were killed at the same time. Though these are the first specimens recorded from Kent, no less than twenty-one have now been recorded from the British Isles.

Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford has just enriched the Natural History Museum at South Kensington by a specimen of one of the pariah dogs of Constantinople. Placed beside the Australian dingo the close similarity between the two animals is strikingly apparent. In the Geological Gallery of the Museum a large slab of stone has been set up, showing some remarkable footprints of extinct monsters. This slab came from Storeton, Cheshire, and the largest of the impressions are apparently those of one of the primæval salamanders, known also as labyrinthodonts, from the curiously folded character of the teeth. These creatures often measured many feet in length, rivalling, indeed, the largest of living crocodiles. One of the earliest of these fossil salamanders to be discovered is now in the Teyler Museum at Haarlem. And this has acquired additional fame from the fact that the remains were supposed to be those of a human skeleton, and were accordingly described by Schenckler in 1726 as *Homo diluvii testis*!

One of the most beautiful of our British birds is, without doubt, the sheldrake. The male and female are equally gay in plumage, and considering how easily they can be brought up from the egg under a hen, how readily they accommodate themselves to a comparatively small pond of water, and how tame they become, it is rather surprising that they are not seen more often in that state of semi-domestication in which so many water-fowl are kept. It seems to be the general experience with those who have kept these birds in the manner suggested that, although a pond of very moderate size suffices for them, they are not satisfied with merely a small stream or burn. If no other provision than this is made for them, they are very liable to wander down the course of the burn in breeding-time till they come to the sea, and never to return; but such a stream can usually be dammed quite easily so as to afford them a piece of water as large as they require.

The Principal of Swanley College informs us that the demand for qualified teachers of Nature-study is increasing so much that it has been determined to start a natural history course next September. From the syllabus of instruction we learn that the girl students are to go through a course of botany, which will deal both with flowering plants and flowerless plants, while the special subjects of instruction in this branch will be the principal orders of British flowering plants, including the identification of plants by means of flora and practical experiments. In zoology the course includes the study of the external characters, anatomical structure, mode of life and life history of the following animals, as representatives of the principal divisions of the animal kingdom: rabbit, pigeon, frog, dog-fish or haddock, honey-bee, cray-fish, earth-worm, pond mussel, hydra, vorticella and amœba, together with the general characters of the protozoa, porifera, coelenterata, annelida, anthropoda, mollusca and chordata. There will also be a course devoted to geology and physical geography and to gardening, the last-mentioned section being intended only for those who have not passed through the college training. It would appear, therefore, that science is finding another domain in the profession of female gardener.

It can hardly have failed to strike any traveller in the Pyrenean districts of France, and in other parts where trout and trout streams are numerous, how much better in flavour are the trout which "mine host" of the French country inn serves up for *déjeuner* than are even the best and most "flavour-some" of the same kind of fish at home. Probably he will attribute this to the excellence of the French cuisine, and in part he may be right, but probably in part only. Very often in the back premises of the inn may be seen a tank, in which the trout, after being caught in the river and conveyed to the tank in a pail, are kept for a day or two alive, before killing for the pot or gridiron. Commonly we attribute this custom to the convenience of having the living trout fresh and ready at a moment's notice; but there is, perhaps, another meaning, for in Germany, where also the trout on table are excellent, they always keep the fish in a tank for some days, giving them no food, or very little, before killing them for the table, and it is said that the flesh is much improved for eating by so doing. A certain stream, it need hardly be said, has to flow through the tank in

order to keep the fish alive and in health, unless, indeed, the aeration of the water be done artificially by a pump.

There can be little question that the wording of the notice whereby certain of the riparian owners of the upper waters of the Tweed are prohibiting fishing, for the present season, at all events, is not fortunately chosen and is a little apt to give offence where none is intended. The notice states that the public are forbidden to fish for the time being, and that the riparian owners themselves have agreed not to exercise their own rights of fishing, thus placing themselves on an absolute equality in the matter with the general public, an attitude to which the latter cannot very reasonably take exception. But then comes the unfortunate addition "Trespassers will be prosecuted." The meaning of this clause is, no doubt, that trespassers—that is to say, transgressors of this prohibition—will be punished; but the word "trespasser" is so closely associated with the sense of walking over land where there is no right of way, that it has been understood to mean, in the present instance, that walking along the river banks is prohibited, thus constituting what a zealous partisan of the people has called a "territorial tyranny."

The riparian owners very evidently have one object at heart—not the prevention of fair fishing, but the prevention of fishing by unfair means and the catching of under-sized fish, of which the ultimate result is really bound to be an absolute prevention of all fishing by the destruction of all the fish. On other Scotch rivers there are fishing associations, which are clubs with a very small subscription, perhaps half-a-crown a year, which just pays for a watcher on the water who shall see that the members' interests are protected by enforcing the laws against unfair fishing; and these institutions work very well, make their members keen on the proper management of the river, and since the subscription is nominal and the entrance not exclusive, they practically prevent no man from fishing who wishes to do so, but, on the contrary, give him far better sport than in such conditions of anarchy as have been prevalent on the upper Tweed. If these waters can be let to such an association, it would seem far the best solution: we are sure that the riparian owners would be very willing to let to such a body; but as for desiring to forbid walking on the river bank by their notice—even if such a thing were possible in a country where there is no law of trespass without damage—we are very sure that nothing is more remote from their minds.

JACK.

Tearing over bush and bramble,
Through the purple heather,
Down the hillside steep we scramble,
Jack and I together.
How his dear blue eyes grow brighter
And his form more fair!
Glorious blow the salt sea breezes
Through his radiant hair.
Be the weather fair or stormy,
Give me Wessex hills!
There with miles of moor before me,
Life is free from ills.
Give me Jack to run beside me,
Faceward to the gale,
Then I care not what betide me—
Rain, or storm, or hail.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

It would seem that this age of "industrial progress" has not merely destroyed the art sense which our forefathers possessed, but is destroying the art works they created. Professor Lethaby, we know, is of opinion that what unreplaced mediæval stonework in Westminster Abbey yet remains has been so hopelessly disintegrated by London's poisonous atmosphere that it can only be preserved and held together by whitewash. Now, a cry of the same sort comes from Canterbury. Our cathedral cities have the reputation of being "decayed" in population and industry, and therefore we hoped they might not be decayed in the matter of their architectural treasures. But this is not so. Mr. W. D. Carre, the architect in charge of the repairing works at Canterbury Cathedral, declares that "the ravages of decay have made much more progress during the past few years owing to the greatly increased volume of smoke in the city." Now that Bell Harry Tower has to a great extent been recased, it is found that two other towers and the south transept gable are in equally sorry plight and need immediate attention. Where stones are not decayed beyond repair, it is, most properly, not intended to replace them, but to spray them with a solution of baryta. Two science professors have been at work on the composition and use of this solution. We hope it will prove successful, for certainly an anti-smoke rot bacillus is as keenly needed by our cathedrals as an anti-cancer bacillus by ourselves.

PROGRESS OF THE INOCULATION EXPERIMENTS.

BY PROFESSOR D. FINLAYSON.

It must be clearly understood that what is said in the course of the following remarks is in the nature of an interim report. It is impossible at the latest date allowed me by the Editor to do more than mark progress. The actual results of soil inoculation in England will not be thoroughly known until the leguminous plants of the year have been harvested. In these last days of May it can only be said that the plants are in beautiful and promising condition, and it is not possible at the moment to do more than indicate what is the promise they hold out. It may be appropriate to preface what is to be said on the actual condition of the crops at the moment by a recapitulation of the history of these experiments. They may be said to have begun under Sir John Bennett Lawes at Rothamsted. He gave the result of a series of valuable experiments carried on for a period of twenty years with many of the most important clovers and beans. It was found that the soil on the leguminous plots to a given depth averaged not less than 6,604lb. of nitrogen to the acre. The total nitrogen on wheat soils to the same depth averaged 5,847lb., showing an average gain of 757lb. of nitrogen per acre. To this it must be added that the organic nitrogen removed in the leguminous crop was in every case much more than that from the cereals. In some instances the quantity was more than double. Practical farmers have long realised from their experience on the farm that the leguminous residue in the soil represents a definite money value. German experimenters have estimated that 200lb. of nitrogen is added per acre by the growth of legumes, and though in America the quantity of added nitrogen is estimated much lower, about 122lb. per acre, even this estimate is equal to an addition of 800lb. of nitrate of soda per acre. The use of Professor Bottomley's culture, by increasing the total deposit of nitrogen in the soil, must improve the land not for one year only, but also for subsequent seasons. Thus it will be possible only three years after this to write anything like an exhaustive report on the experiments now being conducted. Another point which should not be omitted is that hitherto the use of inoculating bacteria has been measured entirely by the increase in the yield of the crop. Little attention has been given to the effect of inoculation on its composition and quality. The only instance which has come under the writer's observation was the communication recently read

before the Linnean Society by Professor Bottomley. He was referring in particular to the results of experiments in lucerne at the College Farm, Kilmarnock. These results induced him to repeat the experiments in his own laboratory. The experiments were begun in May, 1906. Tares were chosen for trial, and inoculated seeds were sown in sterilised sand to which the requisite potash and phosphate salts were added. A second set of pots were prepared and sown with untreated seeds, but, besides the potash and phosphate, nitrate of soda was added in the proportion of 2cwt. per acre. In the last week in July the results were tested and were as follows: Tares inoculated yielded 3.07 per cent. nitrogen; tares untreated, but with nitrate of soda, yielded 1.92 per cent. nitrogen. Thus the former contained over 50 per cent. more nitrogen than those grown with nitrate of soda, the food value also being correspondingly increased. Specimens of field crops were obtained from Scotland to compare with these laboratory results in September, and the three experimental plots proved:

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| Sec. A, no nitrogenous manure | ... 3.41 % nitrogen. |
| „ B, nitrate of soda | ... 3.75 % „ |
| „ C, inoculated | ... 4.04 % „ |

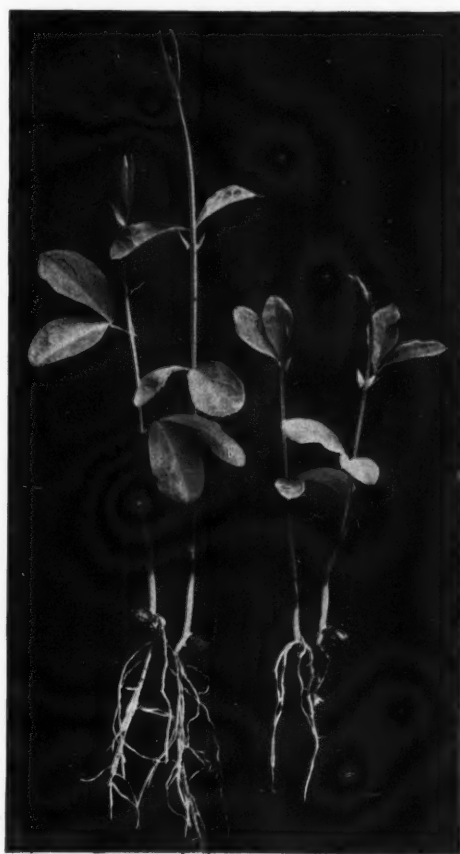
Here the differences show less, owing to the fact that farm soil invariably contains a certain amount of the nitrogen bacteria, which would account for these results being more alike. Section B showed a yield of 9 tons 8cwt. per acre. Section C (inoculated) showed 12 tons 5cwt. of fodder. The most striking effect produced by inoculating the lucerne field at Kilmarnock is well shown in the illustration. The two plants, non-inoculated and inoculated, were photographed on May 15th, just as they were received from Scotland. Later we hope to show additional photographs of these plants and to accompany them by a careful analysis. It is very obvious that if the growth of lucerne can be stimulated to any perceptible degree the culture will have immense value for the farmer. In this connection the results of



Non-inoculated. Inoculated.
ROOT GROWTH OF BEANS.



Non-inoculated. Inoculated.
LUCERNE FIELD CROP.



Inoculated. Non-inoculated.
SWEET PEAS.

some experiments with beans grown at American stations are well worth noting. Those grown on the inoculated plots were covered with nodules, while those on the non-inoculated were practically free, although no growth difference or variation in the colour of the foliage was apparent. On the average analysis for two years the leaves and stems of the plants provided with nodules contained 2.78 per cent. of nitrogen, while in those that were free from nodules the proportion was only 1.77 per cent. Inoculation did

not seem to affect to any important degree the content of phosphoric acid or potash. From the results of these and other experiments abroad it is tolerably safe to conclude that inoculated plants, growing in moderate or poor soil, and which have developed a fair number of nodules in the roots, though they may show no increased yield, may very possibly be of much more value as food, owing to the increased nitrogen they contain. In many



PEAS.

Grown in pots of loam and sand

instances during the present season, in laboratory experiments, the increased growth and vigour of the inoculated plants over the non-inoculated can be readily observed; yet, on examination, the roots are found to be entirely destitute of nodules, though the bacteria are present within the cortex of the roots in great numbers.

Many cross-inoculation experiments with the nitrogen-fixing bacteria, cultivated under the conditions of growth



Inoculated.

Non-inoculated.

ROOT GROWTH OF ABOVE PEAS.

devised by the experts of the American Department of Agriculture, have been made during the last few years. In this connection it has been proved repeatedly that nodule-forming bacteria from the roots of the common pea cultivated to the third or fourth generation for several weeks on media free from nitrogen, produce nodules on the roots of many plants of clovers, beans and vetches. Other cross-inoculations differently



SWEET PEAS IN POTS.

Their root growth is shown on previous page.

combined demonstrated the nodule-forming power irrespective of the source of the original organism. On the other hand, it appears certain that the special adaptation of the bacteria, say, from the roots of peas, to conditions and reactions to which they are accustomed enables them to produce more abundant and healthier nodules. At the request of Messrs. James Carter of London the writer has carried out several experiments in a greenhouse attached to his private laboratory, the inoculating material being kindly provided by Professor Bottomley. In each trial the soil was as nearly as possible of the same quality, ordinary potting loam which had been reduced in value by being mixed with an equal proportion of sand. In the first photographs of beans the plants were taken out of pots for the purpose of photography nearly three weeks before the other photographs were taken. In each case where the plants were removed from the pots there was seen clearly a stronger root development in the inoculated than in the non-inoculated. These photographs illustrating this need no further comment, as in each case the virulence and efficacy of the inoculating material can plainly be seen.



Non-inoculated.

Inoculated

BEANS. FIELD CROP.

Field tests in Messrs. Carter's testing grounds under somewhat adverse conditions were in the main successful. The physical texture of the soil apparently suitable for the purpose was what would be termed a "hungry soil," viz., very light and porous; but, having been used for many years as a trial and experimental ground, it had annually received heavy dressings of farmyard manure. However, even then the results were fairly good, and are as follows:

SOWNS ON APRIL 5TH.

Peas (Buttercup) ... Two rows 10ft. long, inoculated.
 " " ... One row non-inoculated.

Marked difference in favour of inoculation.

Peas (Mayflower) ... Two rows inoculated.
 " " ... One row non-inoculated.

Marked difference in favour of inoculation in height of plant and colour of foliage.

Peas (Quite Content) ... Three rows inoculated.
 " " " ... Three rows non-inoculated.

A slight difference in strength of foliage in favour of inoculation.

Peas (Seedling) "A" ... Three rows inoculated.
 " " "B" ... Two rows non-inoculated.
 " " "C" ... Three rows inoculated.

The first rows "A" (inoculated) and the two rows "B" (non-inoculated)



Non-inoculated Inoculated.
BEANS (LONG POD).

showed practically no difference; the last three rows "C" were slightly stronger.

Peas (Seedling) ... Four rows inoculated.
 " " ... Two rows non-inoculated.

Between these there was no difference whatever.

Sweet Peas ... Two rows inoculated.
 " " ... Two rows non-inoculated.

Strongly marked difference in favour of inoculation, stronger foliage and deeper in colour.

Beans (Broad) ... Twenty-seven rows 12ft. long, inoculated.
 " " ... Fourteen rows 12ft. long, non-inoculated.

These beans were sown alternately four rows inoculated, two rows non-inoculated and so on. The difference between the two lots was very marked and in favour of the inoculated series. Of course, it is difficult, if not impossible, to judge at this stage of growth what the final result will be when the crops are mature. At all events, it will be of interest to compare the results of to-day with those of harvest-time. Other interesting experiments are being carried out with various legumes in sterilised sand. As has been intimated before, we shall return

to the subject when the crops are further advanced. On that occasion we hope it will be possible to draw certain conclusions which will be of value and interest to the farmer and gardener.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

BEFORE us is an edition of Coleridge's *Christabel* (Henry Frowde) which ought to be described as a book for the book-lover. Its principal feature is a reproduction of the MS. as it was left by the poet. This in itself is a great boon to those who love literature. The original MS. of any poem when shut up in a museum or a private collection can only satisfy the curiosity of a comparatively small number of people. Everybody would like to possess such a treasure; but as that is impossible, the next best thing is to own one of these reproductions, which modern science has made possible, and here we have in the very handwriting of the poet, which says so much, the MS. as he left it. But that is not all. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge has contributed a preface, which is really an exhaustive study of the bibliographical and every other aspect of the poem. *Christabel* owed its inception to the intimacy which existed between Coleridge and William Wordsworth and his sister. The latter, too, lived at Alfoxden, a small country house about three miles distant from Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey. That was in the year between June, 1797, and June, 1798. Both poets at the time were full of ideas for future work. They thought most of a romantic revival, that romantic revival of which the best outcome, no doubt, was "The Ancient Mariner." If we objected to anything at all, it would be to the too great thoroughness with which Mr. Coleridge analyses the sources of the poem. He makes a great deal of what Dorothy Wordsworth said. No doubt Dorothy was a very remarkable woman and a close observer of Nature. Yet the attribution to her of many of the happiest thoughts in the poem seems to us to border upon what might be called the anise and cummin of criticism. She wrote on March 7th: "William and I drank tea at Coleridge's." Observed nothing particularly interesting. One only leaf upon the top of a tree—the sole remaining leaf—danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind." This, says Mr. Ernest Coleridge, was the matrix of the gem—

The one red leaf, the last of its clan
 Which dances as oft as dance it can.

She notes a "succession of images" which, according to the essayist, Coleridge reproduced in verse. Really these observations are a little commonplace. She said, "The Spring continues to advance very slowly," and this is alleged to be the original of the oft-quoted "The Spring comes slowly up this way," adapted by an American poet into "The Spring lags slowly up these heights." But in truth the observation "The Spring continues to advance very slowly" has been made by some hundreds of thousands of people, and is a common remark that is heard annually. The second instance is Dorothy's remark, "Nothing green but the brambles," which we are told took shape, "and nought was green upon the oak." Surely this is a little trivial; while the third example, "the old oak tree," is another very obvious commonplace. Another part of the criticism passed may as well be touched upon here. This is the statement that the double adjuration "Jesu Maria" was borrowed by Sir Walter Scott from *Christabel*. Sir Walter Scott may say so or not, but the exclamation "Jesus" or "Jesu Maria" was a very common one at the time, witness an anecdote which is quoted in another review that appears in this issue. Coleridge struck the true romantic note in the very beginning of his poem:

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
 And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
 Tu-whit! Tu-who!
 And hark, again! the crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew.
 Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 She maketh answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
 Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Here we have all the suggestiveness of romance. The middle of the night, the owl's hooting, the mastiff baying, the clock striking, prepare the mind for a tale of gramarye. They introduce the lady Christabel, surely one of the sweetest women who have ever flitted across the mental vision of a poet. She is the Una of Coleridge. What Geraldine was meant for is a puzzle. An ingenious theory put forward is that Coleridge meant her to turn out a wraith of Christabel's absent lover. Stated in plain prose, this solution of the enigma may appear to be quotidian, but if it had been developed in the fresh and unrivalled style in which Part I. was written that effect would not have been felt. He

never achieved a greater vividness than was accomplished in the passage of the two maidens through the hall :

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well

There is nothing in the later parts of the poem quite equal to the best lines in the first part. Probably enough, Coleridge

in his usual manner let the moment of inspiration pass by. No doubt he could have finished the poem as he promised, but there was just wanting in him that final energy which ends in achievement. Yet it is ungracious to find fault. In his inspired moments Coleridge poured forth such pure and perfect poetry that it seems less than fair to complain that it lacks architectural quality, the beginning, the middle and the end that were insisted upon by the early rhetoricians. Thoughts dim and vague but beautiful in their misty garments seem to wander through his mind. When he found utterance for them he added to our literature. Sir Walter Scott, Byron, all the best minds of his time, and minds that were not altogether connected with literature, but were tending towards science and philosophy, received the greatest impulse from his genius. We can study the fragments that he left behind, we never can measure or calculate the force of his potent individuality.

THE KING'S SHORTHORNS.

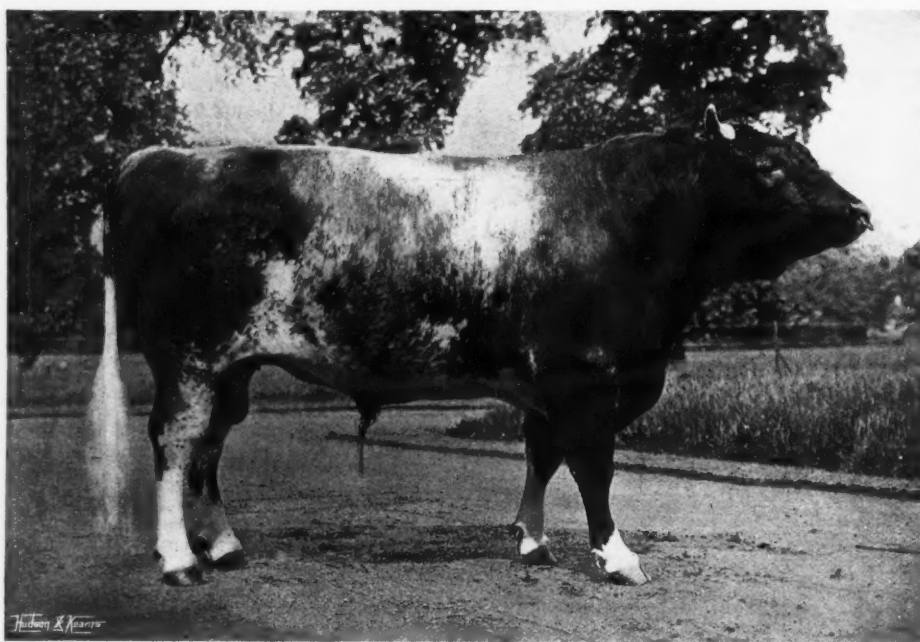


THE SHAW FARM PASTURES.

IN view of the brilliant successes achieved by King Edward VII. at the Royal Counties Show last week, it will be conceded that the publication of an article, illustrated by photographs taken on Saturday, upon the herd at Windsor is exceedingly timely. There is no need at this time of day to advert to its history and formation. Readers who wish to look up the facts may be referred to an article which appeared in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE on June 21st, 1902. That account told how Prince Albert conceived the idea of establishing a great farm at Windsor; how he bought two cows from that

celebrated breeder, Sir Charles Knightley, how the edifice whose foundation was thus laid was strengthened by the addition

of notable animals from Sittington and from the Beaufort herd of Lord Lovat and how the experiment was made of introducing Scotch blood among the English short-horns. There, too, the tale is told of the sires who left their impress on the herd—Field Marshal, who came from Mr. Duthey of Collynie; Prince Victor, bred by that devout believer in short-horns, Mr. Deane Willis; and Royal Duke, whose brilliant career at the shows is so well known. He won prizes everywhere, at the



ROYAL WINDSOR.

Royal Counties Show, at the Stirling Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, at the Edinburgh Show of the Highland and at the Irish Show at Ball's Bridge. He was first and champion at the Royal Counties, first and champion at the Stirling Show, first and champion at Cardiff. Although not still in the herd, he is responsible for some of the animals that are now doing so well for the King. Among others he was the sire of the young bull Enchanter, who made his first public appearance at the Royal Counties Show at Maidenhead last week, and won the second prize. In the opinion of many he was considered very little, if at all, inferior to the crack Winchfield, who carried off the first prize. Another of Royal Duke's offspring is Sylph, a red and white cow calved on February 28th, 1901. If Royal Duke is alive at the present moment he is in Canada. A buyer from that country bought him for 500 guineas and soon afterwards sold him for 1,000 guineas. Another useful sire has been Royal Chieftain, whose offspring Evander, a roan, calved January 4th, 1906, secured the special prize of £10 for the best bull calved in that year at the Royal Counties Show, in addition to first prize. Royal Chieftain was also the sire of the very fine heifer Eva, a roan calved on January 10th, 1905. She carried off the second prize at the Maidenhead Show and was awarded a similar honour at the Portsmouth Show of last year. Her half-sister Marjorie won the first prize and reserve in the female championship at the Royal Counties Show this year. Violet's Fame was the sire of Golden Treasure, a white shorthorn bull, calved on March 22nd, 1906; he won the third prize at the Royal Counties Show at Maidenhead. We have reserved Royal Windsor to the last. Luxury was his sire, and he is a roan calved on March 27th, 1905. This magnificent bull has had a very grand career. Last year he was second at the Royal Counties Show at Portsmouth, and second also at the Royal Agricultural Show at Derby, and this year, as our readers know, he was first and also the male champion at the Royal Counties Show at Maidenhead. He impressed all who saw him by his depth and width, and thoroughly deserved the honour that he won. Still greater success probably awaits him in the future.

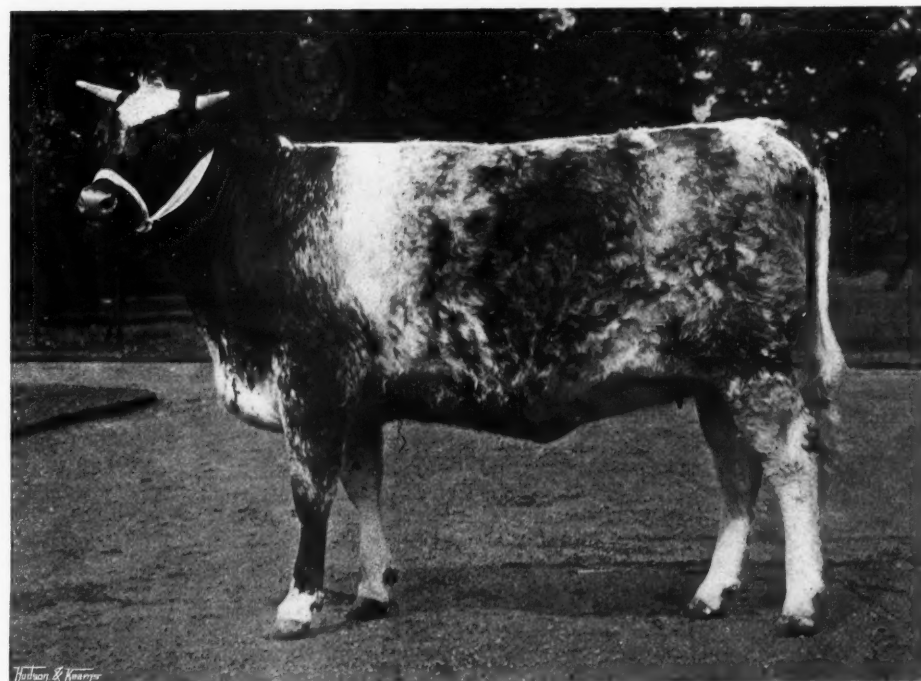
If there were no other animals than shorthorns at Windsor, the place would deserve to rank as the premier farm in Great Britain. It is with the shorthorns that the King has won his most important prizes this summer, and, indeed, the breed also supplied many useful competitors for the fat stock shows at Christmas. It will thus be seen that His Majesty has set an excellent example, thereby following up the tradition of the family. Prince Albert did a popular thing when he began a great career as a farmer. Queen Victoria did not perhaps possess that keen personal interest in the animals which distinguished Prince Albert, but when left a widow she sought in every possible way to fulfil the wishes and carry out the intentions of her dead husband. The policy was, therefore, carefully continued, as the long series of victories won by the Royal herd attests. King Edward, from early youth, has always evinced great interest in the pursuits and hobbies of a country gentleman. At Sandringham, while he was Prince of Wales, he kept a stud of Shire horses second to none in the



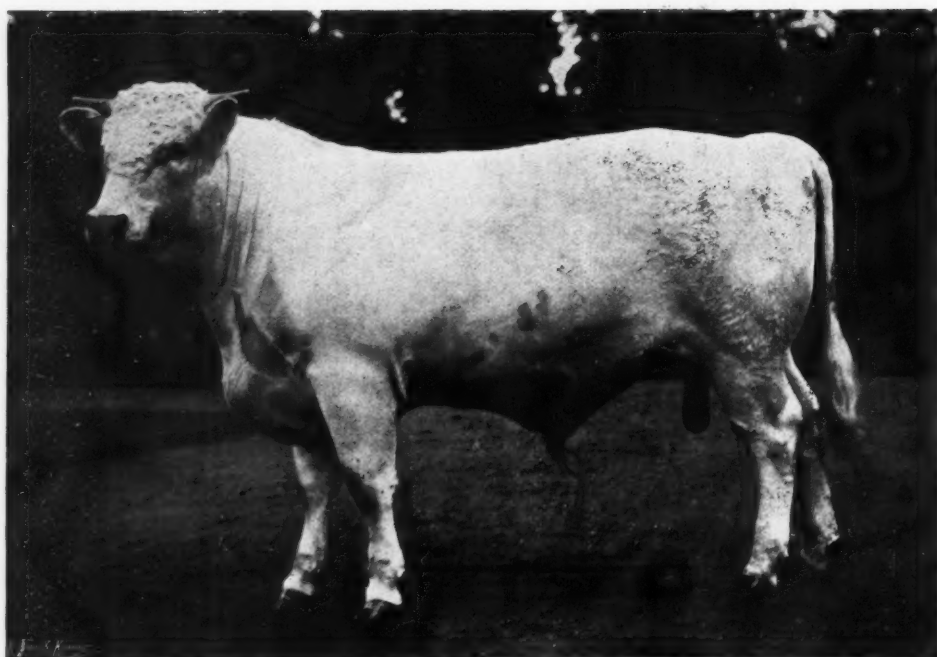
EVA.



SYLPH AND HER CALF.



MARJORIE.



GOLDEN TREASURE



EVANDER.



ENCHANTER.

United Kingdom; and, indeed, it holds that position still, while of his flocks and herds it is sufficient to say that they were formidable rivals of those kept at Windsor. His Majesty, indeed, is a farmer in more than name. Among the duties, which are also pleasures, that he has to perform, none is more assiduously attended to than that of countenancing and helping the great agricultural shows. In this way his influence has been singularly beneficial to all those who are engaged in the tilling of the soil. The winning of a prize is not in itself the chief aim for which the Royal beasts have been kept; but the animals that have succeeded show a model and a standard at which other breeders and owners of livestock can aim. It is very well known that farmers in remote and distant parts of the country very often in the old days, when locomotion was not so easy as it is now and fewer opportunities were presented of seeing what was best in the way of stock, were content with animals of very middling quality both for the purposes of the butcher and of the dairy. But at the present day, when they come to a show and see what is possible, certainly many of them must go home with a great deal of discontent simmering in their breasts; and it is this "divine discontent" that ultimately leads to the improvement of the whole of the livestock of the United Kingdom. Not only has King Edward carried out the policy framed by his father and followed by his mother, but he has inculcated the same ideas on his son. The Prince of Wales for some years past has shown the liveliest interest in agriculture generally, and particularly in the breeding and exhibition of livestock. There is thus every reason to hope that in the days to come Windsor will continue to figure, as it has done before, as the greatest and most important livestock farm in the United Kingdom.

In one other respect the King shows an example that might very well be followed by all breeders of livestock in the kingdom. At many other places it is the custom to purchase animals for the express purpose of winning prizes with them. One has only to run an eye over the catalogue to see in what a vast number of cases this occurs. An animal is shown by so-and-so and bred by somebody else. We do not suggest that there is anything in the slightest degree wrong in the practice. A man is perfectly entitled, if he wishes to do so, to purchase a probable winner and take it to a show for the purpose of capturing prizes; but we do contend that it is much more creditable to breed a prize-winner than to buy one. A man has much more reason to be proud when he can say "This shorthorn, or this Shire horse, was born on my premises. I may have bought its sire and its dam, but the mating was mine; I chose both of them, and the offspring was born and bred on my land." Surely there is more reason for legitimate pride in this than in saying "I paid £1,000 or £2,000 for that animal, and it has won prizes." We are in no way disparaging the judgment that alone enables a good purchase to be made, but the object of exhibition is to encourage the breeding of animals, and it is a very wise rule of the King that the shorthorns and other animals exhibited from Windsor should only be those that were born and bred on the estate.

FORESTRY AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

IN last week's issue we directed attention to the new departure which has been made at Cambridge University, where the General Board of Studies is about to elect a Reader in Forestry. The importance of this announcement can scarcely be exaggerated. Cambridge, above all other Universities, ought to give attention to the subject, as it is in the very centre of a district where forestry is of the highest importance. We may assume that study will proceed on two separate and very different lines. One will have to do with the preparation of young men who have chosen forestry as a career. It is a profession of rapidly growing importance, the state of affairs at present being such that attention to forestry must become a necessity to the greater number of the countries of the world. In Europe the only countries in a position to export timber are Russia, Sweden, Austria-Hungary and Roumania. The others either have just sufficient for their own consumption or are obliged to import it from abroad. Meanwhile the heaviest demands are being made upon the forests of the world. Great Britain and Ireland alone import annually nearly 10,000,000 tons of timber, the greater part of which is used up in commerce, building and other ways. Germany imports nearly half as much; France, Belgium and Denmark all make considerable requisitions upon the forests, and some of the countries which at present do not import largely are likely to do so in the future.



M. C. Cottam.

SPRING FOLIAGE OF THE BEECH.

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Italy, Spain, Holland, Portugal, Bulgaria, Greece and Servia are all customers for the timber of the world. Nor can it be said that the forests in other parts of the world offer an inexhaustible supply. In the United States, where at one time the difficulty was to get rid of the forest trees, anxiety for the preservation of the forests is now dominant. To-day, the scheme of forest administration organised by the General Land Office has for its



H. K. Wood.

"STEEPED IN MIST SOFT AS SLEEP ITSELF."

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chief aim the protection of the reserves. In the West and Northern States the white pine has very nearly been exhausted. In Maine, which has been called the pine tree State, the cut of white pine has been steadily diminishing since 1851, and the lumbermen employed in cutting it have removed to the Southern States and the Pacific Coast, forced to emigrate by the diminution of the supply. These facts, and a great many others that could be adduced, show that forestry in the future must command

far more attention than it has done in the past. Therefore, young men who are looking out for a career in the world, and whose tastes incline them to this form of study, can scarcely do better than take it up in earnest. The University of Cambridge is to be congratulated on having arrived at the resolution to include it in the studies to be pursued there. Nor is it less important for the heirs of great family estates to know something about this subject. There are few of them unaware of the fact that the woodlands have been very much neglected in the past. Of course, much of the planting done on English estates was not utilitarian in character. At one time a very common ambition of the landowner was to produce a sylvan appearance on his estate, and the landscape gardeners of the period were very expert in the achievement of that end. We know of one excellent example in the county of Gloucester, where so artfully are the copses planted on the crests of the various hills, that to look out from the window of the manor house gives one the impression of viewing an immense forest, whereas the strips of trees are in reality so placed as to conceal the farms and the homesteads which abound on the estate. This, however, is an exceptional case. As a rule the original planters were more intent on providing covert for game than on anything else. Planting for game is still a natural and legitimate object of the landed proprietor, and one of the great desires of the present day is to combine the useful

and the ornamental. It is safe to say that the young heir who had gone through an intelligent course of forestry to-day would easily be able to do his planting so that at one and the same time it would afford an excellent covert for game and still yield a remunerative return. But to achieve this end forestry would have to be studied on a very wide basis. There has been much loose talk during recent years about converting the waste lands of Great Britain and Ireland into woodland, and some of

the more sanguine and extreme of the Labour members have advocated this as a means of providing work for the unemployed. The owner of land, however, would be well advised to give the matter very careful consideration before embarking on any scheme of this kind. In the first place he must carefully ascertain the character of the soil on his waste; secondly, what trees will grow there; and, thirdly, whether these trees can be grown so as to bring in a profitable return in timber. There is

nothing more certain than that, if an impetuous rush were made to plant moor and waste with coniferous or other trees, the result would be a deplorable waste in time, trouble and capital. This is, of course, where education can safeguard the landowner from coming to grief, and it is very evident that in this matter the Government could be of great assistance to him. Several lines of action are open. The Department of Woods and Forests has always at its disposal the means of imparting a valuable object-lesson in the treatment of woodland, since it has the control of the Crown forests. It ought to be the ambition of those at the head of the department so to manage these forests that they will serve as a model to the private owner. It has been suggested, too, that the State might acquire suitable lands and convert them into forests. For doing this, of course, they would have to be very sure of the experts whose opinion they took as guide. What could unquestionably be done is to establish and equip schools of forestry, which might be kept in touch with the University, and where the management of forests could be taught on economic lines. Of the pleasures and delights of forestry it is unnecessary to speak at this date. Since time immemorial the owner of land has loved this occupation, and we need only think of a few names—Francis Bacon, John Evelyn, Sir Walter Scott and many foresters of to-day who are equally earnest and enthusiastic—to see how naturally the landowner takes to this fascinating craft. It provides an interest that



M. C. Cottam.

"MURMURING PINES."

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never fails from one end of the year to the other. Even in winter the good forester will always wish to be among his trees. When denuded of leafage their stern and true beauty is seen under the mild winter sun. When spring follows, surely there is no happier pursuit than that of working among trees, which day by day put forth their buds and unfold their leaves to the wandering wind and the sunlight, while in summer whoever is fond of Nature will find effects in woodland such as can be paralleled



Copyright

"A FRAGRANT WILD WITH NATURE'S BEAUTY DREST."

W. Rawlings.



M. C. Cottam.

WHERE WATER LAPS THEIR ROOTS.

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nowhere else. The illustrations we give emphasise the beauty rather than the usefulness of the forester's task. There is the beech breaking into foliage under the influence of the April sun; there is a very fine effect produced by sunlight illuminating mist among the trees; and our third picture shows an effect that is equally attractive. Wood and water seem to go together, and the forest pool reflecting the narrow tree trunk is something at which the most careless wanderer may well stop to look. The picture of birches is certainly not more utilitarian in its character than "The Lady of the Woods." There is no more exquisite picture to look at in spring when its light green dress of early buds flutters and twinkles without concealing its white bole. The picture of the pine woods raises ideas of quite another kind. Here is health borne of murmuring sound. The tall straight stems and the green roof which they support form depths of mysterious avenues that seem to carry us far back to the time when the hamadryad and his companions still haunted the groves.

It may be said that the practical forester does not look much to this side of the question, and, indeed, it must be admitted that the great authorities on the subject have managed to exclude the picturesque very completely from their works. Yet the pleasures that we are conscious of and speak about are not always the best. Many a woodman goes about his task from morning till night and from one

year's end to another without ever giving utterance to the feelings excited in his mind by the unceasing growth of the trees, to the pleasure he experiences when traversing the dim woodland ways and the delight he finds in observing not only the maturing of his favourite trees, but the four-footed and feathered creatures that are attracted to the shelter of the wood. Those only are likely to achieve a true success who find in forestry not only a more or less profitable employment, but one of those occupations of which our greatest poet said, "The labour we delight in physics pain." At any rate, there can be no question that those who have left behind them a fame as foresters have taken more than a commercial interest in their undertakings. Indeed, this is almost invariably the case with the landowner, especially if he comes of a long line of those who have owned and improved the soil. It is something to him that the very same trees whose fortunes he watches over to-day were planted by some of his ancestors and carefully tended by others. The oaks and elms of a great park have associations scarcely inferior to those of the mansion house of which they form so valuable an adjunct.

A BUCCANEER NATURALIST.

THE gift of minute and accurate observation of Nature is not bestowed upon everybody; and in the present day, even when some good fairy has cast it into the cradle, the benefit is often destroyed by false methods of education, or wasted in the narrow specialisation demanded by modern life. The child who should be running in the fields, storing its mind with direct sense-impressions, is set with a Latin primer before

him to acquire a language which he will never hear, or to puzzle his poor little brain with abstractions combining ideas which he does not yet possess. From school he passes into the office or the place of business. The possibility of developing a faculty has been denied. Instead of an instinct confirmed by habitual use, he possesses after all only an imperfect holiday delight. Thus very often a man who was a country boy will mistake a bullfinch for a chaffinch, or, looking at a sycamore or a white-beam, or even a lime, will ask, "What tree is that?" The capacity of the gamekeeper or the good sportsman for seeing out-of-door things is a matter of wonder and of envy to him. Only his keenness for Nature remains to show that he has been cheated out of a part of his heritage.

"Dampier's Voyages," by Captain William Dampier, of which an excellent edition, edited by Mr. John Masefield, has just been published (E. Grant Richards), deserve more attention by the general reader than they receive. At the time of publication "The Voyages" were successful. In the life which Mr. Masefield contributes, he says:

In the spring of 1697 he published his first volume, which he dedicated to Charles Montague, the President of the Royal Society. The book proved to be a great success, and ran through three or four editions in a few months.

The countries described by Dampier were little known in his day. The facts contained in his volumes are now to be obtained easily

in fuller detail and from many other sources; but in his case there have been no traveller's stories to be contradicted or pruned:

Humboldt expressly says that the illustrious *savans* Condamine, Juan and Ulloa added little to his observations; and the author of the "Navigations aux Terres Australes" emphatically demands: "Mais ou trouve t'on des navigateurs comparables a Dampier?"

The fact is, Dampier set down what he saw with a direct simplicity devoid of all vanity. The passion of the observer ruled him throughout. He drew a clear distinction between those absolute statements which he could himself guarantee and information, however trustworthy, derived from another. Thus, in his description of Actum:

They have here a sort of Herb or Plant called Ganga or Bang. I never saw any but once, and that was at some distance from me. It appeared to me like Hemp, and I thought it had been Hemp, till I was told to the contrary. It is reported of this Plant, that if it is infused in any Liquor, it will stupify the Brains of any Person that drinks thereof; but it operates diversely according to the Constitution of the Person. Some it keeps sleepy, some merry, putting them into a laughing-fit, and others it makes mad; but after 2 or 3 Hours they come to themselves again. I never saw the effects of it on any Person, but have heard much discourse of it.

No modern scientist could be more careful as to the gathering of evidence. To most people Dampier is merely one of the buccaneers, and certainly the best of his work was produced on board a buccaneer cruiser. Yet throughout all his voyages he noted the countries which he visited, their birds, beasts, fish, trees, with lesser plants and their fruit and uses. He also eagerly informed himself of the customs of the peoples with whom he came in contact. Nothing was too trivial to be set down, although at times there could have been only a day or two, scarcely of leisure, between constant raids and bloodshed. Yet it must be remembered that in his day the buccaneers had by no means degenerated into the skull and cross-bones pirates of whom they were the forerunners. They called themselves privateers and carried letters of marque of sorts, sometimes spurious and frequently handed on when no longer required. But they were cruel and brutal. The man who found so great a delight in Nature and her ways could not truly have been one of them. Between the covers of his book, therefore, is to be found good material for a study in psychology. In the West Indies on August 25th, 1685, Captain Davis, with whom he was sailing, and Captain Swan, another privateer,

broke off Consortship; for Captain Davis was minded to return again to the coast of Peru but Captain Swan desired to go farther to the Westward. I had till this time been with Captain Davis, but now left him and went aboard with Captain Swan. It was not from any dislike to my old Captain, but to get some knowledge of the Northern Parts of this Continent of Mexico. And I knew that Captain Swan determined to coast as far north as he thought convenient, and then pass over for the East Indies, which was a way very agreeable to my Inclination.

In a note to this passage Mr. Masfield quotes Dampier from an original MS.:

I came into these seas this second time more to indulge my curiosity than to get wealth, though I must confess at that time I did think the trade lawful.

William Dampier was a Somerset boy, born of a respectable family of the class which De Quincey has called "armigerous." His father, who died while he was a child, was a small tenant farmer, and his mother "kept on the farm." In his will, however, Dampier describes his brother as gentleman, a term in those days not lightly used in a document.

In his "Voyage Round the World," Chapter VII., Dampier explains his constant habit of describing the soil at every place he touches, and thus unconsciously gives an accurate account of a small farm in the middle of the seventeenth century:

I took as much notice of the difference of soil as I met with it, as most Travellers have done, having been bred in my Youth in Somersetshire, at a place called East Coker, near Yeovil or Evil: in which Parish there is great Variety of Soil, as I have ordinarily met with anywhere, viz.: black, red, yellow sandy stony, clay, morass or swampy, etc. I had the more reason to take notice of this because this village in great measure is let out in small Leases for Lives of 20, 30, 40, or 50 Pound per An. under Colonel Heilhar the Lord of the Mannor: and most, if not all these Tenants, had their own Land scattering in small pieces up and down several sorts of Land in the Parish. So that every one had some piece of every sort of Land, his black ground, his sandy, clay, etc., some of 20, 30, or 40 shillings an Acre for some uses, and other not worth 10 Groats an Acre. My Mother being

possest of one of these Leases, and having of all these sorts of Land, I came acquainted with them all, and knew what each sort would produce, (viz.): Wheat, Barley, Meslin, Rice, Beans, Peas, Oats, Fetches, Flax or Hemp: in all of which I had a more than usual knowledge for one so young; taking a particular delight in observing it.

"Rice," Mr. Masfield believes to be a slip for rye. Meslin was a mixture of rye and wheat, which made a bread not so fine as the white "wheaten" and not so dark as rye-bread.

For a short time Dampier commanded a ship in the Navy, but a quarrel with his lieutenant led to a charge of cruelty, and he was found to be not suitable to command one of His Majesty's ships. There are indications that he was not skilful at handling men. His knowledge as a mariner was of the finest. Both Howe and Nelson made his voyages a text-book for midshipmen; and Admiral Burney affirmed that it would not be easy to name another mariner to whom the merchant and mariner were so much indebted.

Even now the books are excellent reading. Besides the old maps and drawings of plants and fishes, this edition contains an interesting portrait, a life as complete as possible and numerous valuable notes.

WALTER RAYMOND.

OF DIALS & DIALLERS.

THE desire to know the time of day occurred early to primitive man. He observed the place of the sun in the heavens, and when the germ of mechanical science worked in his brain, he set a stick in the ground and noted the position of its shadow. Eventually he put stones at regular intervals round it and the idea of hours was reached, and thus is the Egyptian fellah still apt to mark time for the work of the water-wheel and the plough. But observation



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AT DUNCOMBE PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

showed that this simple arrangement was inaccurate, that the stick must slope to the horizontal plane at an angle equal to the latitude of the place, and that it must lie due north and south. So the stick became the gnomon, and dialling developed into a science practised by Greeks and Romans and not forgotten in the Dark Ages, for on the south face of the shaft of a cross at Bewcastle in Cumberland a dial is carved, and the inscriptions on the shaft prove it to date from 670 A.D. Throughout the Middle Ages the sundial was used, but the revival of learning gave a great impetus to this as to every other branch of then known science. Both as mathematical instruments and as works

college, in 1581. Pillar dials were then in vogue. Many such were erected; but also they replaced, on the top of the shaft of many a village and market cross, the Christain emblem which was then ranked as "Papish trashe."

Magic and mathematics—the most erratic of arts and the most exact of sciences—were curiously mingled in men's minds even as late as the sixteenth century, so that curiosity and mysticism had as much to do with the general interest then taken in dialling as had its utilitarian side and its æsthetic value as a feature in house and garden architecture. The abundant literature in connection with it shows that it was a widely-esteemed and much-taught branch of knowledge. Its foremost exponent from the closing days of Elizabeth up to the year of the Restoration was William Oughtred, a Fellow of King's at Cambridge, who was recognised not merely in England, but on the Continent, as one of the first mathematicians of his age. As rector of Albury during the great rebellion, he owed it, probably, to his scientific attainments that he escaped threatened sequestration despite his royalist and episcopalian leanings. Here he continued his student's life, failing to appear at meals when a problem delayed its solution, and with ink-horn ever hanging on his bedpost in case a valuable idea suddenly occurred. We even hear that he was so eccentric and unmodish as to sit up till eleven at night, a practice by no means approved by his thrifty and matter-of-fact wife, who denied him candles after supper, though an admiring scholar occasionally comforted him with the gift of a few. Even as an undergraduate he had written a treatise on dialling, which, as an undergraduate in the next generation,



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AT CHICHELEY HALL

"C.L."

of art, dials not only multiplied, but were elaborated. Ingenious brains produced every possible contrivance to catch the sun's rays and cast a shadow vertically or horizontally, directly or by reflection, on surfaces flat or angular, concave or convex. They built dials into every sort of building, or set them on every sort of detached pillar and pedestal, and they also made them portable, with the addition of a compass for their due setting at any spot.

Born in Munich in 1487 and educated at Cologne, Nicholas Kratzer came to England as "an almayn deviser of the King's horologies." Bishop Foxe made him a fellow of his new college of Corpus Christi in 1517, and his manuscript works are preserved in its library. A fine portrait, painted by his friend and fellow-foreigner Holbein in 1528, shows him amid compasses, scales and other mathematical instruments holding a faceted dial block in his left hand. One of this kind, for which he was famous, he made for Cardinal Wolsey, and this is still extant in a private collection. Only 3½ in. high and 2½ in. wide, it consists of nine dials arranged about an octagon of gilt brass, and in a depression on the top was set the compass; its base is blazoned with the arms of Wolsey and of "Ebor." The larger and more elaborate one, which he made for his college, has disappeared; but he left them his love of his craft, as the noble pillar dial which stands in the quadrangle testifies. It was made by Charles Turnbull, a member of the



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IN THE GARDEN, TYTHROP HOUSE.

"C.L."

Christopher Wren translated into Latin. Many other works, such as "A Description of the Double Horizontal Dial" and "A Most Easy Way for the Delineation of Plain Sundials," followed, and every sort of variety and vagary was indulged in by the ingenious, so that both Wren and Newton, as youths, exercised their budding talents by arranging reflective dials to mark the time on their ceilings. The whole art and science was incorporated in a monumental work by W. Leybourne, a mathematical teacher and land surveyor, whose "Art of Dyalling" first appeared in 1675, and reached a third edition in

folio form in 1700. The climax of elaboration was attained by Francis Hall, or Line, an English priest trained at Liège, who served the English mission from 1656 onwards till 1672, and in 1669 erected an instrument in Charles II.'s garden at Whitehall which had 300 dials of seventy-three different kinds, many of which were "New Inventions Hitherto Divulged to None," as we learn by the title of the book that he wrote in explanation of this intricate creation, which lasted so little time that Leybourne could speak of it as "now demolished." Nowhere was the sundial more popular than in Scotland, and nowhere more elaborated. Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh has a splendid set of eleven bracketed out on its walls. Detached ones, obelisk and lectern shaped, facet headed or horizontal, occur everywhere, of which, perhaps, the monumental examples at Glamis and Newbattle are the most elaborate; but a study of the carefully-written and fully-illustrated chapter on sundials in Messrs. Macgibbon and Ross's great work on Scottish domestic architecture will well repay anyone at all interested in the subject.

In England, for the most part, the simple horizontal dial of copper set on a stone or marble pedestal prevailed, and five of these we illustrate. The Blickling example is probably the earliest, as its classic masks and sways of drapery are such as Inigo Jones and his followers designed,



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NEWBURGH PRIORY: YORK.

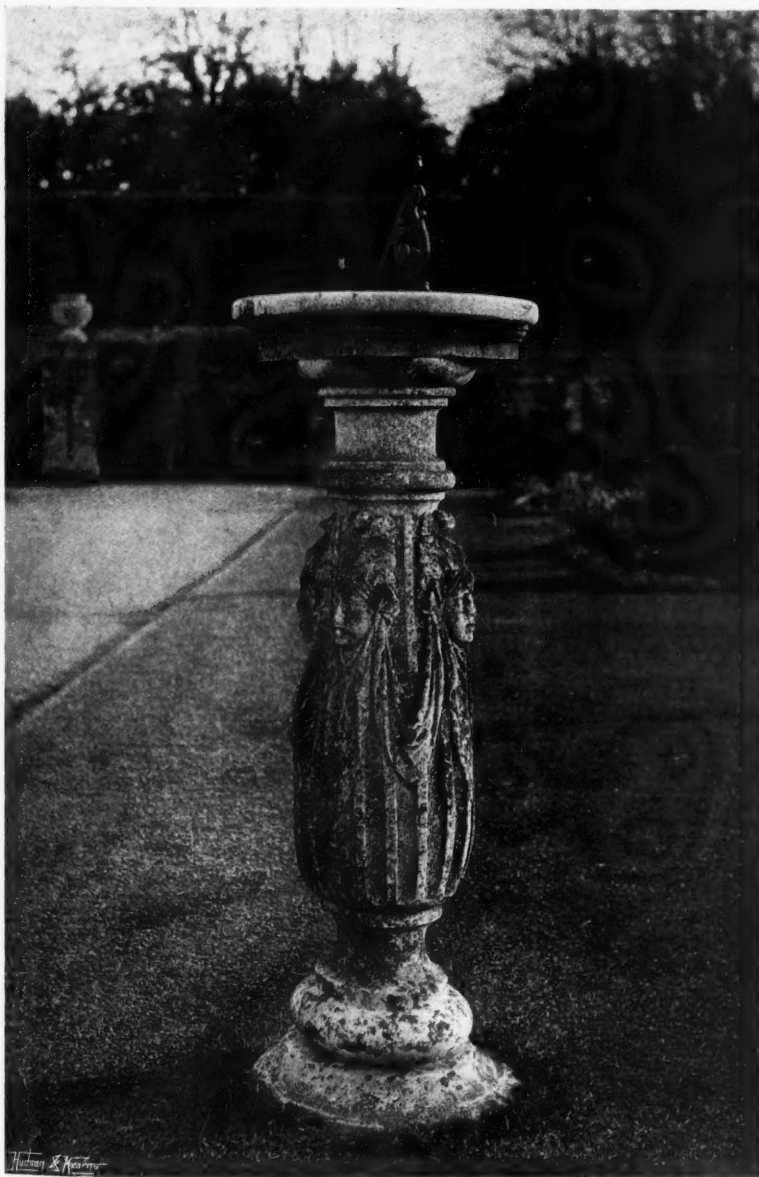
"COUNTRY LIFE."

so that it may date from the Hobarts, father and son, who built and decorated the great house in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. But the gardens wherein it stands and most of their ornaments came from elsewhere, and it certainly owes its present charm of position and environment to the creative hand of Constance Lady Lothian, who made the Blickling gardens what they are. Of this dial the perforated and scrolled gnomon is excellent, though not so elaborate as that at Tythorp, which dates from the second half of the same century. It is full Christopher Wren, and is in harmony of style and execution with the splendid staircase in the house, which is, perhaps, the most delicately-designed and exquisitely-wrought of all the fine staircases of the school of Grinling Gibbons. To this period belongs also the classic altar-shaped pedestal which stands on the south terrace of Newburgh Priory, and it consorts well with much of the rich work in Sir George Wombwell's home. The Chicheley Hall pedestal is of a type much used in the eighteenth century, but not so early in it as the date of the hall which Sir John Chester built in its very first year, and this dial is probably a later addition. It is almost exactly similar to that now at Althorp, only lately removed thither from the Admiralty, together with the garden house, as they were in the way of its new buildings. The Admiralty was a late work of Ripley, who died in 1758, and this is the date of another similar pedestal which forms part of Lord Faversham's fine bit of sculpture on the great grass terrace at Duncombe, being subsidiary to the winged figure of Time, which stands over it watching the moving shadow on the dial. Time, with or without his scythe, was, naturally enough, considered a proper emblematic adjunct to the sundial, and one very similar to the Duncombe example has left its old Essex home and now stands, awaiting a new one, outside Messrs. Pratt and Son's door on the Brompton Pavement. Of a different model is that at Belton. Here Time, accompanied by Cupid, kneels and clasps the pedestal, the dial rising above his head. A Helmsley stonemason wrought the Duncombe statue in 1758, when the terrace was made with its stately domed and pillared temple looking down on the vale below, o'er the river Rye and the ruins of the abbey of Rievaulx—a scene and a situation so enchanting that one would fain tarry and forget time on the spot:

Where Saturn's statue bids the iron shade
Point the swift minutes as they rise and fade.

Did not the said statue warn us on his dial *non tardum opperitur*.

After a period of unpopularity—a time when geometry and architectural incident were largely banished from gardens, and when garden art and garden lore have been at a low ebb—the sundial is once more desired. Its modern literature is almost more abundant than it was 300 years ago. But then it was mathematical and



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AT BLICKLING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

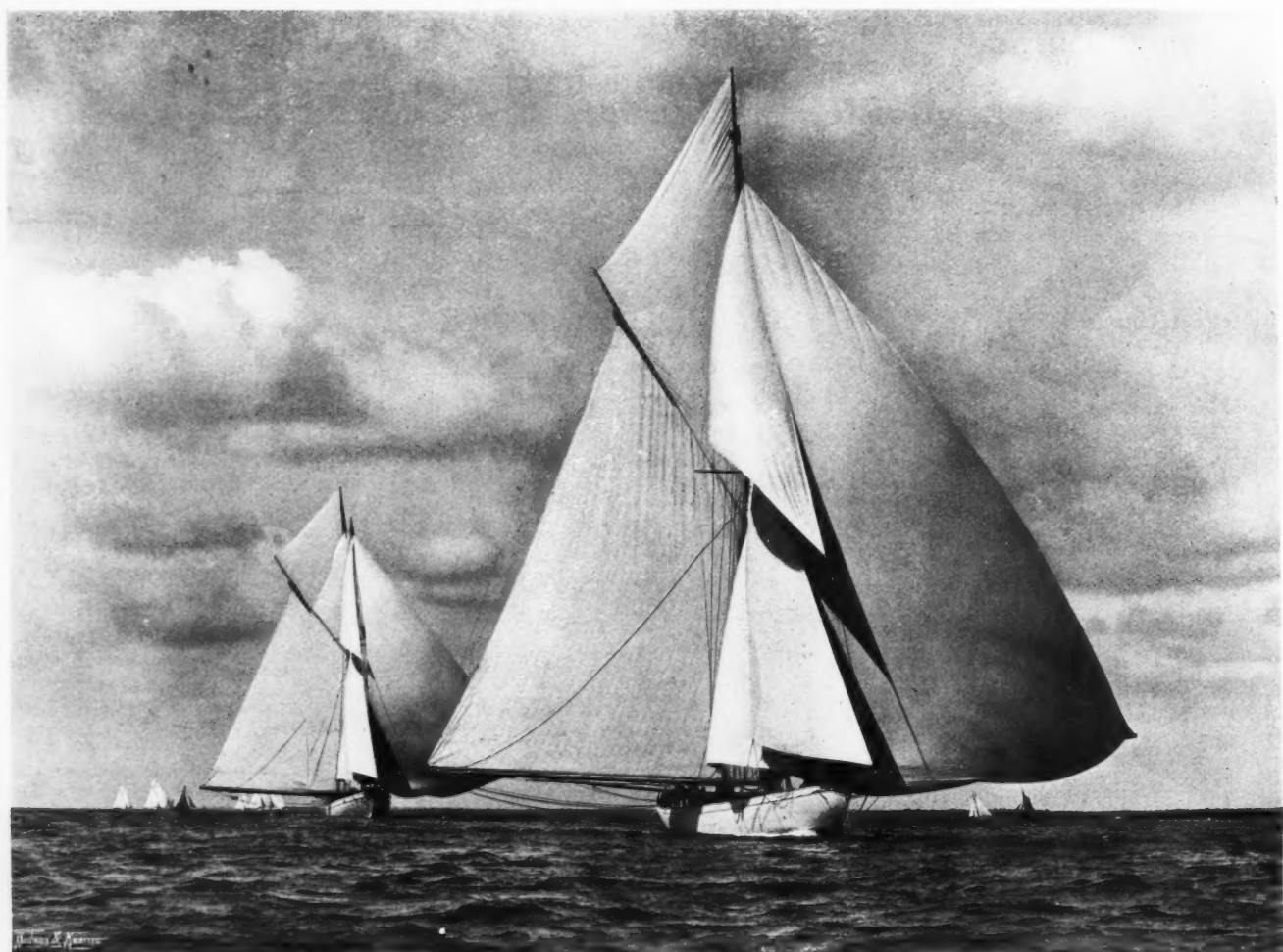
astronomic, now it is artistic and sentimental. Mrs. Gatty collected mottoes, Messrs. Macgibbon and Ross treat it as a branch of architecture, Mrs. Morse Earle entwines it with roses. It is no longer of horological but of æsthetic interest. The other day a lady, with full knowledge of the effect she wished to produce in her garden, but quite indifferent to scientific dialling, went to a leading instrument-maker to order a new dial for an old pedestal. After due instructions as to the lettering and ornamentation, she added, "And I like the thing in the middle rather straight up." "Madam," answered the dialler, severely, "the angle of the gnomon will be in accordance with your latitude."

With Waterbury watches pouring in at 5s. apiece, we have ceased to use the sun as our direct timekeeper, but we love the traditions, the atmosphere, the beauty of the dials of our forefathers. Old specimens, long neglected, buried in ivy, hidden in thickets, perhaps even cast on the rubbish heap, once more see the sun

and "mark the bright hours only." No Dutch, sunken or formal garden is considered complete without one, and they stand with elegance and dignity in the centre of many such a charming revival of former fashion in our new or restored gardens. They are even collected, and amid the many interests which throng Mr. Crisp's Friar Park grounds not the least is the topiary garden, where, grouping with cut box and figured yew, dials of many an age and many a form illustrate the long history of their art. The prevalence of those of the age of Wren point to their immense popularity at that time, but examples of an earlier and later date also abound. Let us mention one only. When old Rochester Bridge was pulled down Charles Dickens bought a section of its balustrading and used it as the pedestal of his Gad's Hill dial. The scattering of the possessions and memorials of the great novelist has brought it to rest peacefully in an honoured place amid this carefully-treasured collection of its kind.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

YACHTS AND YACHT-RACING.



F. W. Beken.

A STERN CHASE: THÉRÈSE LEADING METEOR.

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THE present season, which opened on the Thames on May 22nd, marks the commencement of a new epoch in the history of yacht-racing; for, since the boats sought their winter quarters last autumn, the conditions which govern the sport have in many respects been revolutionised. Thanks to judicious legislation, the flimsily-built and leaky racing shell has given place to a staunchly-constructed vessel of a type likely to prove equally serviceable for racing or cruising purposes. Although it has taken but a few months to effect, this radical departure from the old order of things is the natural outcome of long years of patient experiment. Since the Yacht Racing Association came into being in 1875, many methods of calculating the measurement of racing craft have been tried in the balance and found wanting; but the experience thus gained has not been altogether wasted. Such failures, indeed, must be regarded in the light of stepping-stones which lead to ultimate success, as it is only by first discovering, and then eliminating, undesirable traits that one can hope to approach within measurable distance of the ideal.

In the early days of the Y.R.A. the formula adopted was that known as Thames measurement, by which beam was

heavily taxed. To obtain the necessary stability to carry a large spread of canvas the designer naturally turned his attention to draught, and evolved a long narrow vessel, bearing a heavy lead keel deep below the surface of the water. With sail area quite free from tax, racing yachts set a huge spread of canvas, which entailed the employment of many hands to work them, while the vessels in themselves were not particularly speedy, and when hard driven in a seaway, were very wet and dangerous to handle. The first noteworthy advance in the science of yacht architecture resulted from the introduction in 1886 of the late Mr. Dixon Kemp's length-and-sail-area rule, which dealt the old plank-on-edge type of yacht her *coup de grace*. By this formula a heavy impost was placed upon sail area, and naval architects were compelled to exercise their ingenuity in designing a vessel that could be easily driven with a smaller spread of canvas than of yore. This end they successfully accomplished by decreasing displacement, and the result was a handy yacht, with moderate sail area, faster than her predecessors, and at the same time a much better sea boat. She could, moreover, be sailed by a smaller crew—a circumstance which made for economy. The yachts built during the early years of Mr. Dixon Kemp's rule were



F. W. Beken.

THE HAMBURG IN ROUGH WEATHER.

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undoubtedly very fine craft, but designers then began to go to extremes in cutting down the displacement. The margin of utility was soon passed, and the policy carried to such excess that the yachts eventually became mere racing machines that were quite impossible to live aboard with any degree of comfort. In 1896 the Y.R.A. adopted Mr. Froude's linear rating formula; but the rule proved unsuccessful in checking unduly light

type of craft after which the association had so long been striving. She was fast, handy and possessed ample living room for the owner, his friends and the crew necessary to sail her. But trouble was destined to arise in another direction. The formula had become so hedged around with restrictions that no loophole was left for the exercise of any ingenuity on the part of the designer in the way of



F. W. Boken.

EVERY STITCH OF SAIL SET.

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displacement, and the beamy fin-keeled type of craft still remained invincible as regards speed and weatherliness.

In the year 1900 the association incorporated in the formula the Benzonian D factor, which, by severely taxing hollow in the midship section, placed yachts of light displacement out of court, and resulted in the production of a fine vessel with excellent accommodation below decks. Here at last was the

rule cheating, and so he promptly directed his attention to light construction. Every pound of weight filched from the hull meant an increase of ballast and sail area, and this weight-saving policy was carried to such extremes that many of the vessels built under the rule were rendered uninhabitable on account of their leaking proclivities. Such yachts, being unable to withstand the stress of racing for more than a season or two,



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GAUNTLET WITH HER LEE RAIL AWASH.

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were then only fit for the scrap-heap. This rendered the cost of the sport prohibitive to all save the very wealthy, and class racing almost ceased to exist. Save for one or two minor details, the rule of 1900 was an excellent one, and certainly far preferable to any that preceded it. The type of yacht evolved, despite the comparatively heavy displacement, would appear to be actually faster than that produced under the first linear rating rule, in proof of which contention one need look no further than the 52-footer Gauntlet, which was designed by the late Mr. A. E. Payne in 1901. For several years past she has been the scratch boat of the ex-52-footer fleet, conceding time to such yachts as Senga and Viera, which were built under the 1896 formula, and usually winds up the season at the head of her class. It must, however, be taken into consideration that Gauntlet is maintained in the pink of condition and invariably sailed by her owner, Mr. J. R. Payne, one of the cleverest Corinthian helmsmen of the day. But then, on the other hand, she is by no means the fastest 52-footer built under the rule, for during her first season, when racing in the 52ft. class proper, she was badly beaten by the Fife cutter Magdalen, and is certainly not so speedy as some of the vessels of later design.

When, owing to excessive cost and the inhabitation of the boats, class racing became prohibitive, yachtsmen began to turn their attention to sport under handicap conditions, and many fine vessels of that type were built. Such craft, although known as "fast cruisers," were primarily intended for racing purposes and carried a large spread of canvas. As the question of rig was not of much moment in handicap racing, the cutter gave place to the more economical yawl and schooner, which could be sailed with a smaller crew. One of the finest of these fast cruisers was the big schooner Rainbow, built in 1898 for Mr. C. L. Orr Ewing from the design of Mr. G. L. Watson. Measuring some 330 tons T.M., Rainbow was one of the best craft that ever came from the board of the famous Scotch naval architect, and probably the speediest "two-sticker" ever launched. Setting a huge mainsail and big jackyard topsail, she is capable of attaining a speed of over fifteen knots, and it would be difficult to imagine a finer spectacle than this great schooner reaching in a strong breeze with her covering board awash. Rainbow was sold some years since to a German syndicate, and, under the name of Hamburg, is a prominent unit of the German racing fleet.

With class racing non-existent so far as large craft were concerned, first-class racing quickly dropped out of regatta

programmes, being superseded by handicaps, and the anomaly was witnessed of the best prizes of the year being given to a form of sport ignored by the Y.R.A. Such coveted trophies as His Majesty's cups and the Royal Yacht Squadron prizes were at the mercy of the vagaries of the handicapper, and yachting ceased to hold the public interest. In place of the old-time keen struggle for supremacy between vessels of similar type and size, the competing yachts were of widely divergent tonnage and rig, and yacht-racing degenerated into a mere contest against the clock.

By the adoption of the International rating rule and scantling restrictions, all this is now changed. The formula promises to be the best ever introduced, for while all the good features of the last rule have been retained, steps have been taken to eradicate one or two undesirable traits, such as extravagant overhangs and excessive rake of keel. If one may judge by the two first-class cutters, Brynhild and White Heather, which have recently made their *début*, the racing yacht of the future is likely to approach very near to perfection. White Heather, which has been built from the design of Mr. Fife for Mr. Myles B. Kennedy, is the prettiest racing yacht launched for many years past, and although built to a heavy scantling and fitted below as a cruiser, is certainly as speedy as, if not actually faster than, any of her predecessors. Such vessels as White Heather and Brynhild are built under Lloyd's supervision and classed for sixteen years, and when their racing days are over will make ideal cruisers. In place of an uninhabitable racing shell an owner has nowadays a comfortable floating home in which he can spend the summer months accompanied by his friends. The internal accommodation of White Heather comprises, in addition to a large and tastefully decorated saloon, a smoking-room, owner's cabin, ladies' cabin, bathroom, guest cabin, pantry, captain's cabin, deckhouse companion and a large forecabin which provides comfortable living accommodation for a crew of twenty-two hands. The accommodation of Brynhild, which has been designed by Mr. C. E. Nicholson for Sir James Pender, includes a large saloon decorated in white with carved panels, a roomy after cabin with bathroom adjoining, a large owner's cabin, two spare bedrooms, a second bathroom on the port side and the usual deckhouse companion. The new vessels, which are of twenty-three mètres rating, are approximately 76ft. on the water-line by 21ft. beam, and carry about 9,000 square feet of canvas. Each is steered with a wheel and has a solid mast, while the booms of both are of steel and all spars of hollow build.

FRANCIS B. COOKE.

THE EXILE.

(18TH CENT.)

I wish I were in Ireland now, the country of the young,
For there they laugh the kindest laughs, the sweetest songs are sung,
And here it's bitter living by trench and mound and wall
'Neath suns that brand and blister and freezing dews that fall.

I mind a glen in Ireland and just the way it goes,
I mind the babble of the burn and every wind that blows;
The winds blow over vineyards here and proud the rivers fare,
But O! for my brown twinkling streams and heather-scented air.

The people here go mocking and laughing with their teeth,
There's little meaning in their smile and little mirth beneath;
But when they laugh in Ireland with merry lips apart
The honey of the lips betrays the honey of the heart.

The ready tears in Europe, they fall for little things,
But still the Irish sorrow is fed from deeper springs,
And often they are weeping, and only they know why,
For all the evil things that live and lovely things that die.

It's hardly I'll be winning back to Irish soil again,
And dead in foreign lands I'll lie as living I have lain;
But still for Ireland I have lived, and when my time is sped
For Ireland I'll lay down my life, for Ireland gladly dead.

ROBIN FLOWER.

THE WHITSUN FESTIVAL AT ROTHENBURG.

IN the Franconian part of Bavaria lies one of those beautiful old towns, the delight of the painter and antiquarian, which seem to have stood still for centuries. Rothenburg ob der Tauber—the old red city over the river Tauber—is perhaps the best preserved of the many fine mediæval towns in the Fatherland. Massive walls, broken here and there with picturesque embattled gateways, completely girdle the city, and from them spring a wonderful series of many turreted towers, exquisitely beautiful in form and outline, and as perfect as on the day they were built. Quaint streets wind in and about the city abounding in gem-like bits of architecture, and almost every step

brings the visitor in front of some glorious old house seamed and scarred by the relentless hand of Time, and bearing on its façade either the name or arms of some puissant prince, whose fame died away centuries ago. But renowned as the old red city is for its old-world beauty, it is still more famous in Germany for its celebrated Festival Play which takes place every Whit-Monday. The writer happened to be in Rothenburg at Whitsun and thus was fortunate enough to witness what is the finest historic pageant in all Germany. Rothenburg was *en fête*; the sleepy old city was roused from its slumbers, and the old streets throbbed again with an ever-changing joyous crowd of people intent upon taking their



J. Shaw.

A RENAISSANCE DOORWAY: ROTHENBURG OB DER TAUBER.

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pleasures merrily. Thousands of visitors had poured into the city from all parts of Bavaria; the surrounding villages were practically deserted, for the peasants came in crowds, and among them were a few, a very few, who still retained traces of the picturesque national dress that was almost universally worn a few years ago. The old ladies especially still clung to the towering and much be-ribboned bonnet with its interchangeable crowns, one each for a birth, a christening, a wedding, or a funeral.

The Festival Play is annually performed to commemorate the delivery of the town in 1631 from Marshal Tilly, during the Thirty Years' War. A most wonderful and successful attempt is made to realise the exact state of affairs prevailing in the city at that time. Tilly and his motley army, the Burgomaster, Councillors and soldiers defending the city are all realistically portrayed by the citizens, dressed in costumes historically exact, stained and weather-worn, and anything but theatrical. Arms, armour, dresses and accoutrements have all been designed and made by local artists with a view to perfectly reproducing the seventeenth century details, and so well is the work done that it is extremely difficult to tell whether the armour and dress are not really ancient. Every man seems a born actor, and although in real life they are but labourers, field-workers, or artisans, it is simply amazing to see how they look their parts to the life, their splendid natural poses and the confident and convincing manner in which they carry their dress and armour. But the secret of it all lies in the enthusiasm of the players. For weeks before the Festival Play the players talk about nothing else, and many of them, in order to appear still more realistic, do not shave for a fortnight, so it is easy to imagine what an unkempt lot of marauders some of the soldiers look.

Briefly, the history of the origin of the Festival Play is this: During the Thirty Years' War the Rothenburgers were the allies of Gustavus Adolphus. The victories of Gustavus had threatened the very existence of the Catholic League, and in order to protect the Bavarians who were Catholics from the Protestant Swedes and their allies, Rothenburg was besieged by the famous Marshal Tilly and an immense army of mercenaries. After a fierce and desperate resistance the Rothenburgers were compelled to throw open their massive gates and yield the town to the besiegers. Tilly and his staff entered Rothenburg in triumph, and marched forthwith into the great Council Chamber, where the Senate was assembled with the Burgomaster at its head. Tilly, incensed at the desperate resistance offered to his onslaughts and remembering the terrible slaughter his army had suffered in the assault, rejected all terms of capitulation, condemned the town to tribute and the Senate and Burgomaster to death, but allowed the Swedes to go free with all the honours of war. Vainly the wives and children pleaded for mercy. Tilly was adamant, but at length relenting somewhat, he said that he would be content with the

death of four. Unanimously, to their everlasting honour be it said, the Senate chose death for all, and the Burgomaster himself, guarded by soldiers, was sent to fetch the executioner, who lived out of the city. Now the Tauber Valley in those days was famous for its wine, and the city still more famous for its Falstaffian heroes, who could with ease drain at a draught the large flagons beloved of the citizens. The city possessed a mighty stirrup-cup of glass, the Pocal, which held about three quarts of wine. The cellarer's daughter, struck with a bright idea, filled the stirrup-cup with the best wine in the great cellars and brought it to the victors. Each drank deeply, but the cup passed round without being completely emptied. The enormous cup made a deep impression on Tilly, and as the generous wine had brought him into a merrier humour, he cried out in grim jest, "I will show mercy on one condition—that one of you empty the full cup at a single draught." The Senate, horror-stricken at the cynical jest, remained silent; the task was beyond the power of the deepest drinker in Rothenburg.

But among the councillors was a former Burgomaster, one George Nüsch, son of the host of the Red Cock and naturally accustomed to mighty potations. Nüsch, evidently preferring death by drinking to death by hanging, came forward and offered to try to drain the great cup. The cup was filled to the brim and handed to the valiant toper. Bracing himself together, he lifted it to his lips and heroically started to empty the cup. The audience, breathless, amazed and scarcely daring to hope, watched the cup slowly tilting ever upwards, steadily and surely, its contents gurgling down the capacious gullet of the valorous Nüsch. He would fail and the mighty beaker fall from his trembling hands. But no! higher and higher went the cup. Nüsch drank steadily on, and with one last supreme effort the cup was drained, and tilted bottom upwards. A mighty shout arose from the almost frenzied specta-



J. Shaw.

A PAPPENHEIMER.

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tors. The fearful task was accomplished. Nüsch fell fainting to the floor, but had enough strength left to hand the cup to the astonished Tilly, saying, "Thy promise." "It shall be kept most honourably," said the Marshal, and Nüsch collapsed. The life of the thirsty hero hung in the balance for several days, but at length Nüsch recovered, and his first words were "I could never save another town."

This never-to-be-forgotten scene in the history of Rothenburg is the subject matter of the Festival Play, "The Meister Trunk," or "Master Draught," written by one of the Rothenburgers, and which is annually performed in the great Council Hall, the very room where the actual incidents took place. During the performance of the play, the walls, gates and towers are manned by halberdiers and men-at-arms. Gaily-plumed troops of cavaliers come galloping down the mediæval streets escorting the ancient cannons, which are fired during the performance of the play to give an air of reality to the scene. After the play is over, the



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THE CAPTAIN'S HORSE.

J. Shaw.

invading army, headed by Tilly and his victorious generals, repair to the Spital Hof, an ancient monastery with a huge courtyard. Here the soldiers form up in procession and then march through the city to the very ground where Tilly encamped centuries ago.

Unfortunately the procession was headed by an intensely theatrical car, reminiscent of Sanger. This quickly passed, and realism again reigned supreme. Singing lustily, the men-at-arms, with helmets decked with fresh leaves to denote the victors, led the van. Then came Tilly, a brave figure, burly and bearded, mounted on a magnificent horse and surrounded by his staff, among whom was Pappenheim, the terror of the Protestants, and in burnished steel from head to foot. Then a gallant band of captains, gaily plumed and caparisoned, and behind them rumbled the great tilt waggons, full of the wounded lying on fresh straw. Following the waggons came the ancient cannons, genuine beyond all doubt, with their ammunition waggons in close attendance. A prominent group was the High Cellarer and his daughter, carefully guarding the huge tuns of wine drawn by a magnificent bullock, whose spreading horns were gaily wreathed with a wealth of wild flowers. Passing through the city gate, the departing army quickly arrived at the camping-ground. The waggons were speedily unloaded, tents magically rose amid the trees,



J. Shaw.

OFF DUTY.

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rude huts were built of pine branches, the horses were laagered in the ancient manner, arms were piled, drums and helmets were stacked in picturesque fashion, tripods were set up bearing huge gipsy-pots, which were quickly steaming vigorously over the great wood fires blazing beneath them. The food provided was not the usual theatrical fare, but consisted of countless ducks and geese, which had in many cases been carried at the men's saddle-bows, and huge chunks of beef, with unlimited bread and beer. It was most amusing to see two of the men wrestling with a duck which five minutes before had been quacking most noisily, and the expeditious way in which that duck was plucked was only beaten by the still more speedy manner in which it was devoured without the aid of a knife and fork. Great lumps of beef were bobbing about in one bubbling cauldron, and so hungry had the soldiers become that, impatient at delay, they stuck their spears into the cauldron, fished out a lump of beef and banged it down on a board, quickly cut it up with their daggers, and then ate it with gusto. This went on for some time, and then the whole affair was wound up by a splendid display of fireworks. Darkness had now fallen, and as there was promise of a fine moon, we crossed the valley to an ancient inn to eat and drink and wait for the moon to rise over



J. Shaw.

FORMING UP THE PROCESSION.

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the distant towers of Rothenburg. Soon the moon shone with a brilliance one rarely sees in England. The little town perched high upon the hill, with its wonderful sky-line of battlemented walls, pinnaced towers and soaring spires, looked

exquisite as the silvery radiance revealed it in all its beauty. We were loth to leave, but "needs must . . ." and the morrow saw us speeding away from the old red city and its wonderful Festival Play.

JAMES SHAW.

SUMMER DOG-BREAKING.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

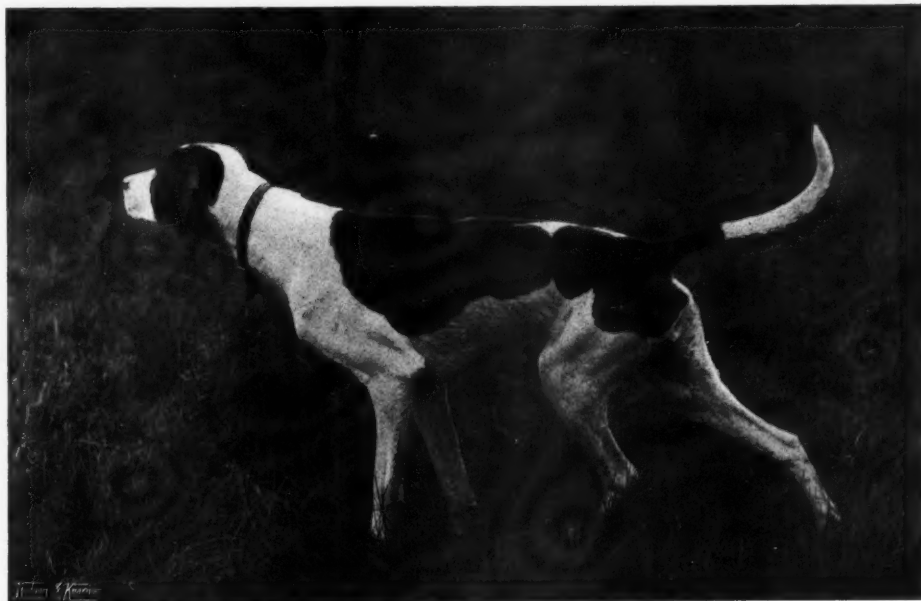
WORKING A TEAM OF SPANIELS.

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DRIVING both of partridges and of grouse has evicted our "good dog Ponto" from the stubbles (there are no longer any stubbles) and from the moorland, where so much of the joy in the day's shooting depended on watching his intelligent work. It was with the greater interest, therefore, that we took the occasion offered of seeing some admirable dog-work and some admirable breaking-work in course of the education of pointers and setters in the last week of May in this year, which promises so well for sport, when the shooting season comes. The traditions of dog-breaking go back a long way; it was before the middle of the last century that General Hutchinson wrote his "Dog-breaking"—by no means the first, but more nearly the final, word on the subject—and the chief fact that has made possible the modern fashion of driving, which is chiefly responsible for the relatively decreased demand for the dog's services, is the invention of the breech-loading gun. Primarily, the dog is the servant of man for shooting where the shots are comparatively few, and the intervals between them long. The rise of what is sometimes rather affectedly written of (one never hears the word used in conversation) as a "bouquet" of pheasants, would have embarrassed very badly one of the old school who was engaged with the successive processes of pouring in powder from a flask, ramming a

wad on this, then shot from another flask, then another wad rammed in, then the dog-heads half-cocked and percussion caps fitted to the nipples. If, all this while, pheasants or partridges or grouse had been streaming over his head, the language he would have sent after them (having nothing more fatal to send) would have been picturesque; but according to the method of those days of the muzzle-loader the game would not have been flushed in this wholesale manner. Ponto, after having cautiously drawn up to his birds and flushed one of a covey, which the muzzle-loader had unerringly brought down, would at once "down charge" at the shot, and so would remain crouched close to earth, but with head up and excited quivering nostrils "snuffing the tainted gale" deliciously, until the long operation of reloading was accomplished and a forward wave of the hand would send him on to draw up to and push up one by one (if they would be so obliging) the remaining birds of the covey.

Though the demands made on the dog's services differ very considerably nowadays from those when shooting of necessity was such a slow business, it must still be remembered that it is most essential for dog-work that you should have leisure, and that the dogs should work leisurely. We liked this particularly in the educational work which we lately saw in practice: there was no hurry. The dogs were not allowed to hurry; were constantly



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"SNUFFING THE TAINTED GALE."

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A CAUTIOUS APPROACH.

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checked and given pause. We all know, of course (all of us who ever have shot, or do shoot, over dogs), that there is a fault on the other side into which a dog may stray. He may become too much of a "potterer"—too fearful of getting in among his birds with a reckless haste; over-cautious. That is always a possibility to be guarded against. On the other hand, the very fact that a modern gun can be let off so much more quickly than an old one, the fact that the man is so much sooner ready again for another bird, disposes both dogs and their breakers to be much more inclined to err on the side of not taking time enough than of taking too much. In the old days there was not the like temptation, because the time was made for the dog, so to say, while the gun was being re-loaded. He could hardly be slow enough.

Certainly the keeper and the breaker has his real chance with his dogs now in the summer, when he has them to himself and has all his time for them—time to correct error, time to exact that absolute precision of obedience to command (always provided that it is certain that the command is understood

by the dog) which is at the very core of successful breaking. A mistake often made is to suppose that dogs do not pay for the trouble of careful breaking nowadays. They really do so even better than they used to. We were careful to say, a moment ago, that the demand for dog service in the shooting-field had "relatively" decreased. It is doubtful whether it has positively decreased, even in numbers; and certainly highly-broken dogs both save as much game in comparison with ill-broken dogs, and also command as good a price, as ever they did. But the number of shooters and the number of shots have increased enormously, so that the relative decrease of the demand for dog-service is very large. Were it not so, the increase in their numbers would be as enormous as the increase of shooters. This is a simple sum.

But this fact, the fact that man is an impatient beast, and that with the modern gun he is ready and more than willing to shoot again, almost as soon as he has discharged his two barrels, constitutes one of the chief difficulties of the modern breaker, especially of the breaker-keeper. There is hardly time for the series of evolutions—down charge to the shot (some of the old gunners used to



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TWO NOSES ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

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advocate a return to heel after each shot), and so on—to be properly accomplished before the shooter is ready again, and if the keeper, anxious for the morals of his dog, tries to make it perform the evolutions and keeps his master waiting the while, the latter is apt to lose patience, to "damn this dog work," and if once the loss of patience (which is a very catching loss) is communicated to the man who has the management of the dogs, the management, for the time being, had better be named mismanagement, for dogs were never handled wisely by a man who had lost his patience with them. So the evolutions are apt to be neglected, some of them omitted and overlooked, to the distinct detriment of the dog's ultimate morality; and the whole affair is likely to be analogous to that of the man in the duel who unfairly pinked his adversary with the thrust in carte without going through the preliminary of the thrust in tierce, for which the adversary was prepared with the recognised parry. The right discipline of dogs and duellists belongs to days of greater leisure. By the end of May the keeper may already be getting a knowledge of what any of his



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HARDLY VISIBLE AMONG THE TUSSECKS.

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THE FIRST INTIMATION.

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young and comparatively untried dogs will be like during the following season, and even be getting them, as it were, word-perfect in their parts. Keepers on the fringes of deer forests seem to have better schoolrooms for their pupils than most others, and for the partridge man (but then very few partridges are now shot over dogs) there is hardly a chance in summer—least of all in such early days as these—to tutor his dogs at all on the living game. There are generally certain places on the moor where it does no harm to range dogs carefully, certain places where it is an advantage to have some nests carefully marked and watched for indications of the stock which it is probable may be found when shooting commences, and there the education of the dogs may be conducted occasionally through the summer without disturbance of the ground generally.

This is no place, nor is this the time of day, for anything like a disquisition on the art of dog-breaking. The grammar of that art has been written long ago, and few additions have been made to it for more than half a century. One of the most important points in breaking, however, is that the dog should learn to go hither or thither in simple obedience to a wave of the hand. There is no sound more terrifying to all wild things than the sound of the human voice, and provided the man is hidden it is wonderful how patiently grouse on the "stooks," for instance, will endure the sound of the gun, which is perhaps shooting them down, one by one, as they feed. But let the man, instead of firing his gun, speak, even in low tones, then, provided they are loud enough to reach the ears of the grouse at all, the birds will be up and

away without waiting to find out what he is saying; and this is a case only typical of others. As that curious author Scott says, in his "British Field Sports," "Rating dogs for considerable delinquencies should be performed with a loud voice and stern countenance, circumstances of alarm to all brute animals." It is quite possible, however, to put the sternness into the voice without the loudness, and so disturb the fringes of the moor the less, when breaking dogs upon it. A great deal, moreover, may be done before the dogs are taken into the shooting-field. It is difficult, however, to initiate dogs into the mysteries of backing another's point, and so on—all the nice occasions which arise when two dogs or more are being worked together—except in the actual presence of game. The first essential, of obedience to command, can, no doubt, be taught before the dog is introduced to game at all. General Hutchinson is a little averse from dogs being shown game at any date before the game can be killed over them, and their zeal and comprehension of what is required of them be stimulated by permission to "mouth" and

"tousle" the dead; but he has to admit that in this case the shooter will have to exercise much patience during the first week or so of using the dog in the field. In the spacious leisure of the muzzle-loading days it might not have been hopeless to expect such patience of the average shooter; but it is, perhaps, a little too much to hope for in our hurried present, and the keeper is wise who takes every occasion, even in such months as May and June, of giving his young dogs an opportunity of drawing up to game, and instructing them as to their proper conduct and control in circumstances so exciting.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

INCREASING CERTAINTY.

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AFTER over 600 years of private ownership, varied by a short sequestration to the Crown, Chantilly has become the property of the great literary association which guards the art treasures collected by the late Duc d'Aumale in what is now the Musée Condé. The first château was built about 1250 by Jean le Bouteiller, the last by Henri d'Orleans in 1876. Between these dates are many memories, and a few tragedies that will never be forgotten while the ghost of poor Louise de Budos still hovers above the waters of the moat. Louise de Clermont and the wife of the great Condé are two other instances of Chantilly's unhappy châtelaines. The men were sometimes unlucky too. The young Montmorency died upon the scaffold after his sister had become the mother of the conqueror of Rocroy. The Duc d'Enghien was shot in cold blood by Napoleon's orders. Looking at Chantilly's scholarly galleries and peaceful waters now, you would never imagine that it had been the home of so many hapless ladies and unquiet soldiers in the years of its varied and historic past.

The oldest record of the estate I can find is the will of Jean le Bouteiller, Seigneur de Chantilly, who died in 1286, leaving provision for the foundation of a chapel in which masses were to be said in his memory. The body of his son William was buried

in it, and remained there till 1718, when it was placed in the parish church, and in the next century the chapel, originally on the site of the present spiral staircase, was removed. In 1386, nearly thirty years after the rebels of the Jacquerie had almost destroyed the first château, it was rebuilt by Pierre d'Orgemont, Chancellor of Charles V., and the foundations of his round towers still remain. He gave the Cordeliers of Senlis 100 gold crowns to celebrate mass in the chapel of Chantilly, and from Pierre de Luna, acknowledged at Avignon as Pope Benedict XIII., he received a bull granting it the revenues of the chapel of Chaversy in addition. His direct descendant, Marguerite d'Orgemont, married Jean II. de Montmorency, and her brother gave her son William (who married Anne Pot) the domain of Chantilly, in which Anne de Montmorency, the future Constable of France, was born in 1492.

After the death of his father, in 1531, the Constable built no less than seven chapels on the estate (of which three still remain) in memory of the seven churches he had visited in Rome. But the indulgences granted by Pope Paul III., which conferred the same benefits on visitors to these chapels as was customary to those who made a pilgrimage to Rome itself, led to a continual afflux of tourists, which began seriously to annoy both the Constable and his wife, Madeleine de Savoie. They therefore



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ENTRANCE TO THE CHÂTEAU.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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JEAN BULLANT'S "CAPITAINE."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

obtained a further papal indulgence, announcing that a visit to those chapels situated outside the home park would be sufficient to secure the pilgrim the benefits he desired, without its being necessary for the château and its immediate surroundings to be thronged by strangers, who might very possibly bring infection with them. The chapel of St. Paul still stands behind the Château d'Enghien. The chapel of Sainte Croix is near the modern race-course. The chapel of St. Pierre is in a house in Vineuil. But by far the finest masonry of the great Constable's residence at Chantilly is the oldest part of the present château, the low but exquisitely-proportioned building which looks over the moat to the south-west, and forms the subject of my second illustration. The plan of Chantilly as you may visit it to-day is so simple that no sketch of it is necessary. Imagine it to be a right-

angled triangle, with the entrance placed in the middle of one side; on the right is the right angle, and on the left is one of the acute angles, the other acute angle being of slightly irregular formation. Most of this has been restored by its late owner, the Duc d'Aumale. From the acute angle on the left of the entrance to halfway up the hypotenuse, and parallel with it, is the sixteenth century building erected for Anne the Constable by Jean Bullant, the main architect of Ecouen. This is not the only link between Ecouen and Chantilly, for it was from Ecouen that Alexandre Lenoir saved the altar of Chantilly, and it was for Ecouen that the *grisailles*, now near that altar, were originally painted by Jean le Pot of Beauvais.

One of the older residents in Jean Bullant's château I must say more about, for M. Gustave Macon has recovered



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JEAN BULLANT'S FACADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE BRIDGE OVER THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from the archives of Chantilly many most interesting documents concerning the end of the sixteenth century which are very little known. Francis, eldest son of the Constable Anne, died in 1579, leaving no child by his wife Diane de France, natural daughter of Henry II., so Chantilly went to his brother Henry, in whose absence the two widow ladies, Mme. Diane, now entitled Duchesse d'Angoulême, and Mme. Madeleine, her stepmother, took care of Chantilly, which had to be garrisoned in 1589, after the murder of the Duc de Guise at Blois threw France into confusion. Curiously enough, it was a Duc d'Aumale who then inflicted its only siege upon the Chantilly which another prince of the same name was to rebuild in the nineteenth century. But La Noue and Longueville relieved the château, and the

ladies soon repaired the breaches in its curtain-walls, which defended a château very different from that you see to-day. In 1594 Henry de Montmorency was rewarded for his brilliant services in Languedoc, and, after twenty years' absence from home, returned as the second Constable of France to own Chantilly. His first wife, Antoinette de la Marck, daughter of the Duc de Bouillon, was dead. Both her sons were dead also. One daughter, Margaret, had married the Duc de Ventadour; the elder, Charlotte, was the wife of Charles de Valois, natural son of Charles IX. The Constable felt lonely, though he was not a man who lived without distractions. In 1593 he married Louise de Budos, a pretty widow of nineteen. Soon after his return to Chantilly their son Henry was born, and Henri Quatre



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THE CHAPEL FROM THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

became his godfather. From that time onwards the Constable became *mon compère* to the *Vert Galant*, and the King looked on Chantilly as another home. Neither of them, fortunately, foresaw the terrible end of their godchild on the scaffold only thirty-four years afterwards.

Montmorency was not often able to visit Chantilly, where his wife and heir, his two natural sons, Jules and Esplandian, with their mother, Mme. de Richery of Avignon, lived all together, apparently in perfect harmony, with an occasional change to the Château of Mello, from which fruit and vegetables were sometimes sent across to Chantilly. Quite suddenly, in September, 1598, came the news to the Constable that his wife was dead, "in the flower of her beauty." Pierre de l'Estoile did not shrink from hinting at the legends of diabolical intervention which at once became current in Paris, and are repeated a

placated, and society awaited the verdict of the Vatican, for which Jean des Porcellets (Lord of Maillane and cousin of the second Duchess) most obligingly offered to journey to Rome. But a sudden change occurred in the Constable's affections. What was the key to the mystery we shall never know, but the result was most unhappy to Mme. Laurence. In April, 1601, she was sent into Languedoc; in June her marriage was publicly celebrated at Beaucaire. The next day she was formally forbidden ever to return to Chantilly, and was sent first to L'Isle Adam and then to the Château of Offémont, which is on the borders of the forest of Laigle, to the north-east of Compiègne. After a few months of absolute misery she was given a small independent revenue; but her loneliness—her imprisonment it might almost be called—continued. A few pathetic letters of hers remain. In 1608 she wrote to congratulate the Constable

on the marriage of his son, and when the boy passed by Ecouen she came to see him. Next year she made a furtive visit to Chantilly, "bringing her dinner with her." She lived forty years longer than the Constable, and the tragedy ended with her death at the age of eighty-three, when everyone had forgotten her existence.

In 1599 the Constable called in Pierre Biard, an artist of versatile and excellent talents, and not unworthy of a share in the work begun by Pierre Chambiges in 1528 and carried on by Jean Bullant. It was this Biard who copied the "Captives" of Michael Angelo at Ecouen, now in the Louvre, and copied again by the Duc d'Aumale's orders for the entrance to nineteenth century Chantilly; and he also made an equestrian statue of the Constable Henry, which was erected in 1612, and a fine engraving was made of it by Picart. There is some indication in Biard's letters that the horse was an original Italian work bought for Ecouen, with the Michael Angelo carvings, by the Constable, to which the French artist fitted Montmorency's statue, just as Richelieu ordered the younger Biard to fit the figure of Louis XIII. upon a horse by Daniel de Volterra. In any case it was melted down in 1793, and the statue now at Chantilly in its place is a magnificent representation of the old Constable Anne, by Paul Dubois, set up by the Duc d'Aumale. There are unequivocal signs of shortness of ready money at this period at Chantilly. But the Constable managed to do all he wanted, even to the extent of building a monastery in 1601; and his two children, Henry and Charlotte Marguerite, were most carefully educated by his chaplain, Nicolle Boulenger. In that



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THE INNER COURT OF THE "CAPITAINE" "COUNTRY LIFE."

century afterwards even by Saint Simon. There was as little truth in them as in the sinister accusations of the Constable which accompanied them. Her ghost is said to have haunted the castle down to the days of the great Condé. These little scandals received some support from the fact that, not long after his second wife's death, Montmorency was said to be about to take her aunt (another young widow) for his third. Laurence de Clermont, then twenty-seven years of age, had married at eighteen the Comte de Dizimieu, who died soon afterwards, and later on she had become the natural companion of her niece, the Duchess of Chantilly. She was not beautiful; but the propinquity of an uxorious old gentleman of sixty-five, with a great reputation and an assured position, is quite sufficient explanation for the marriage, which was privately celebrated between them in the Château of Mello in September, 1599. The only congratulations the Constable received were from Mme. de Richery. The Pope himself remained to be

year they would be six and seven respectively. Henri IV. saw them both as he passed through the great park of Chantilly that August. The boy showed great charm already, and all the promise of high spirit that led him into fatal conflict with Richelieu later on, and to the scaffold at Toulouse. The girl was pretty and engaging. She was to trouble the susceptible heart of Henri IV. to some purpose, eight years later, and she eventually became the wife of the Prince de Condé. It was to her that Chantilly was restored by Anne of Austria after the other possessions of the unhappy young Montmorency had been forfeited to the Crown at his execution in 1632.

Her son, the great Condé, was to change the whole face of the estate, and he held it all his life, save for those five years which followed his disgrace, when the struggle against Mazarin had thrown him into the arms of Spain. As a matter of fact, the great Condé was at one time as great a traitor to France as his ancestor the Constable de Bourbon, and perpetrated far worse



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THE GREAT STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

treason than that which had brought his uncle to the scaffold. At twenty-two years of age he defeated the allied Spanish and German armies at Rocroy. At Fribourg, at Nordlingen, at Lens, he beat them again. Suddenly he turned round and vanquished the French army he had so often led to victory. He even placed himself at the head of the Spaniards he had so often

beaten, and led them against France. But France forgave him everything. For the sake of the glories of his youth she forgot the mistakes of later years. In 1668 she saw him turn once more upon the Spaniards and wrest Franche-Comté from their rule. In 1671 she was celebrating his loyalty and patriotism at the gorgeous reception of Louis XIV. at



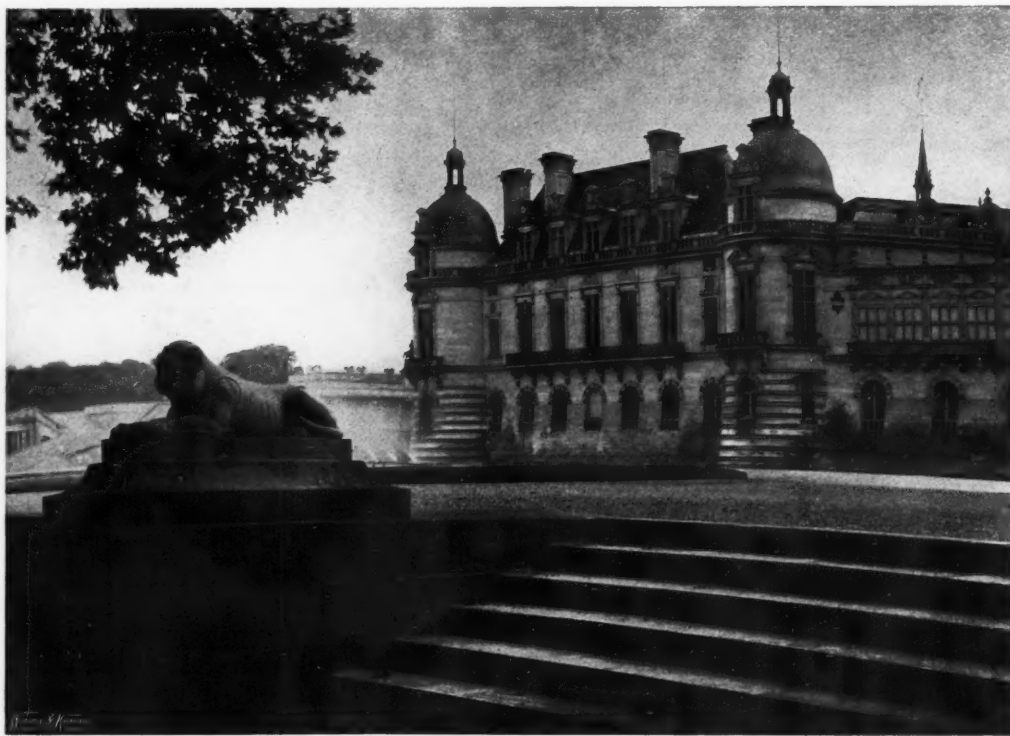
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ACROSS THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Chantilly. Mme. de Sévigné has, fortunately, a good deal to say about it in her letters. The friend of Fouquet, she had known, ten years before, of that legendary fête at Vaux-le-Vicomte which was the prelude to his tragic fall. There was a touch of tragedy about the fête at Chantilly, too; but the catastrophe was neither so tremendous in its issues, nor so far-reaching in its effects. The festivities of Condé only cost the life of Fouquet's former *maître d'hôtel*.

The King arrived, and stayed from the evening of April 23rd to the evening of the 26th. Condé seemed ready to board and lodge the whole of France. He prepared four meals a day, at which five courses were served at five-and-twenty tables. The house was flooded with flowers; the gardens were stuffed with triumphal arches, fireworks, dances, "theatricals" and games. Gourville, the steward, was at his wits' end. Hébert had been sent by Mme. de Sévigné to help him, and brought six coffers of fine linen for the use of the Court. Everybody watched the weather with the keenest anxiety, till Louis XIV. brought the sunshine with him. Le Roi Soleil for once justified his name. His Majesty gave them a taste of his quality without delay, and forthwith started stag-hunting by moonlight, while the huntsmen held lanterns ahead of the royal suite. Supper followed among the jonquils. The joints of roast meat did not quite go round all the five-and-twenty tables, and Vatel—the great Vatel, with



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THE CORNER TOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

memories of inexhaustible Vaux-le-Vicomte behind him—was sadly harassed. He called Gourville to his assistance: "For twelve nights I have not slept; help me by sending out a few orders." Gourville sent Condé himself. The Prince realised the importance of the artist at so supreme a moment, and went to Vatel's own room to tell him "all had gone off splendidly, and the King's supper was magnificent."



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THE STATUE OF LE NÔTRE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

But nothing consoled Vatel's tortured soul for those two tables (the last two of the twenty-five) for which there had not been enough roast beef. Later on, the fireworks—which had cost 16,000fr. to set in order—were a failure. At four in the morning, he could stay tossing on his couch no longer. He wandered all over the château, finding everyone else fast asleep. At the kitchen door he met a little messenger from the provision merchant, carrying two baskets of fish. Two baskets, the result of having ransacked every port in France! It was the last straw. Still, Vatel waited. No more fish arrived. He rushed to Gourville, overwhelmed with the horror of the situation. Gourville laughed at him. He went to his own room, leant his sword against the door, and at the third attempt drove it through his heart. As he fell dying on the floor, fish began to pour into Chantilly from every harbour on the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts. Messenger after messenger ran up to Vatel's room for orders, and ran back again, spreading consternation in the Court. "The poor fellow believed in what he understood by honour," smiled one. "No more chances of a picnic on the march to Burgundy," growled another. The King swore he would never put his subjects to such pains again. But it was all too late for Vatel. He lay dead upstairs, and the festivities went on without him. Even a Vatel is not indispensable.

Both the Prince of Condé and his son, the Duc d'Enghien (then just twenty-eight), were deeply distressed. His nephews, the two Princes of Conti, were with him, but his wife—the natural hostess on so great an occasion—was spared their troubles. Claire-Clemence de Maillé-Brézé was not there. She had been banished to Châteauroux "ad multos annos," writes Mme. de Sévigné, with sinister insistence, "pour l'éternité." The châtelaines of Chantilly have certainly not been invariably fortunate. Society must have noticed her absence; but society is usually careful not to emphasise unpleasant facts. The festivities came to a close on the Saturday evening, and the Court went back with the King, to talk them all over at leisure, on the backstairs of Versailles.

With his nephew, Claude Desgots (landscape gardener at Bagnolet, Saint-Maur and the Palais Royal), and with La Quintinie, Le Nôtre began work at Chantilly in 1663. Manse, the engineer, made pumps for him; Daniel Gîtard, the architect who built Saint-Sulpice and the Hotel de Condé in Paris, was here too, until he was succeeded by his son Pierre. Even the great Vauban himself was called in. By 1678 the name of Mansart appears in the accounts. Between the château and the town, Le Nôtre transformed the park with the orangery, the gardens and fountains "of Beauvais," the canals and porticoes of the smaller forest. The great terrace in front of the castle entrance was begun as well, and carvings for it were made by Jacques and Etienne Blanchard. In 1666 the great formal garden between the château and the river was laid out by Le Nôtre. Five years afterwards the pavilion called the "Maison de Sylvie," in the park, was redecored, and the waterworks were finished. In 1673 the great terrace at the entrance was still in course of construction, and soon afterwards the canalisation of the Nonette was undertaken. The stairway of the great terrace was built by Gîtard, and the statues between columns beneath it and the groups of Neptune and the Naiads were carved by Jean Hardy after Le Nôtre's designs.



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JEAN HARDY'S FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GATE OF THE DUC D'AUMALE'S CHÂTEAU.

"C.L."

In 1685 Mansart was commissioned to make certain alterations in Jean Bullant's "little château" or "capitainerie," as it was sometimes called. He was helped by Hardy, Roger, Duchesnoy and Leblanc; but only the constructive work remains, for the interior was redecorated in 1720, in the Louis XV. style it still exhibits.

Henri-Jules, son of the great Condé, died in 1709; his son Louis (husband of Louise Françoise, daughter of Mme. de Montespan) in 1710; the next heir was Louis-Henri, seventh Prince of Condé, who took the title of Duc de Bourbon. Under his rule were built by Aubert those colossal stables which are one of the architectural wonders of Chantilly.

Nattier's sumptuous portrait of Mlle. de Clermont, in the large gallery, is a reminder that the Duke's sister was the heroine of one of the romances of Chantilly which became most famous in the early eighteenth century owing to the fashionable writings of Mme. de Genlis. This lovely Marie de Bourbon was deeply attached to a courtier of Louis XV., named Louis de Melun, Duc

de Joyeuse. Her brother would not hear of a marriage; he had far higher views. But the lovers found a way, and in a dairy in the castle park they were united by a priest upon a summer evening in July, 1724. The very next day the young husband, out hunting in Chantilly with the King, was badly wounded by the antlers of a stag at bay. He died a few hours afterwards in the château, and his body was taken away to Lille for burial with his ancestors. Through it all, Mlle. de Clermont had to conceal her grief, and what that meant one may, perhaps, imagine from the delicately-sensitive face in Rosalba Carriera's pastel, which seems to me more likely to be true than the elaborate *mise-en-scène* of Nattier's larger painting.

In 1740 Louis-Joseph de Bourbon-Condé was but four years old when he found himself the master of Chantilly. He was but seventeen when he married Charlotte Elizabeth Godefride de Rohan-Soubise. His son was that Duc d'Enghien, husband of Charlotte de Rohan, whom Napoleon murdered in 1804. He



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DAUMET'S STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was as great a builder as almost any of his predecessors, and the Palais-Bourbon in Paris is a magnificent reminder that even Chantilly could not exhaust his energies. Of this, Bellisard and Leroy were the architects, and the second of them worked at Chantilly also, where the new Duke made many alterations and additions in the park. He cut the great alley through the wood called Pont le Roi; he minutely embellished the portions of the estate called La Cabotière and Sylvie, the famous view called "The Three Alleys" being due to him in the former, and a labyrinth, with groves of Theseus and of Ariadne, in the latter. He built Isles of Love, Chinese kiosques, pavilions of Venus and theatres for Molière's plays, decorated by Canot, Guillet, Guibert, Martin, Suard and many more. In 1769 he found even the Château of Chantilly too small for his growing household, so in that year Leroy built the Château d'Enghien just outside the terrace, in which the Institut de France lodges the official guardians of the "Musée Condé." Finally he laid out a little toy-hamlet in the woods. Marie Antoinette played at rustic simplicity

in much the same way; and the thatched roofs barely hid the gilding underneath. In a few years the thatch was ablaze, and the rustic had assumed a startling individuality of his own.

The fall of the Bastille gave the Duke a most unpleasant shock in the midst of his Temples of Venus and his labyrinths of Love. On July 17th, 1789, he was among the first of the nobility to emigrate. At Turin, he heard sad stories of what the National Assembly proposed to do with his belongings. As a matter of fact, a detachment of the National Guard had come to Chantilly that August, and taken away the cannon grouped round the statue of the Constable Montmorency. Two years afterwards, the National agents worked for 142 days at an inventory of the château and its contents. Pictures, medals, statues, curiosities of all sorts were packed off to the National Museum. Bronzes, ironwork and equestrian groups were huddled pell-mell to the National Mint.

The Duc de Bourbon, coming back in 1814, must, however, have felt little hope of any happiness to come. He was seventy.

eight. His son was already an old man. Both were still mourning the untimely fate of the Duc d'Enghien. The Palais Bourbon had been given up to the State as the *Chambre des Députés*. Even the Hotel de Lassay had gone too. Without a roof

house. His heir was the late Duc d'Aumale, who reconstructed Chantilly in its present state; and what the old Duke had somehow saved from the ruins of the Revolution may perhaps best be realised in the chapel of the new château, which the Duc d'Aumale built and bequeathed to the Institut de France.

The associations of this chapel go back to that Jean le Bouteiller who was first Seigneur of Chantilly in 1286, the body of whose son was found where it was rebuilt on the old site in 1718. That site is now taken up by Daumet's spiral staircase, and in 1876 this architect built for the Duc d'Aumale the new chapel at the southern angle of the courtyard. The old donjon-tower of the ancient walls has been very cleverly utilised as the new apse behind the altar. This altar was itself sculptured by Jean Gonjon for the chapel of Ecouen, in which also the stained glass and the best of the carved woodwork at Chantilly originally stood. Behind the altar are the magnificent bronze figures of Prudence, Religion, Justice and Piety, by Jacques Sarazin. They were made for President Perrault in memory of his old master, Henri de Bourbon, father of the great Condé, and first erected in 1653 in the Church of the Jesuits in the Rue Sainte Antoine. In 1648 Sarazin made the first clay models of the statues, bas-reliefs and panels, and Henri Perlan contracted to cast them for 26,000 livres; but he died in 1656, and the work was finished by Denis Prévost and François Picard in 1663. It was saved by Lenoir (for the Musée des Petits Augustins) in 1793, after the Duc de Bourbon had given orders (from his exile in 1791) that its most precious portion, containing the hearts of the members of the Condé family, should be transported to Chantilly church. Even here they were not allowed to rest long in peace. The Goddess of Reason was abroad in the land, and the hearts in their leaden cases were hurled into the cemetery ditch. A pious friend of the family dug them up at night, and hid them in his cellar until 1814.

When the old Duc de Bourbon returned, he was able to rescue the treasures of the chapel of Ecouen, and the Sarazin bronzes were handed over to him by the King. The hearts were restored to the safe keeping of Chantilly parish church, and the Duke's was added to them in 1830. In 1866 the Duc d'Aumale's son, Louis d'Orleans, Prince de Condé, died at Sydney, and his heart was brought back to Dreux; but in 1876 these glorious relics were all reunited in the new chapel that exists to-day, and are guarded by the statues of Jacques Sarazin, as is but right, under the special care of the Institut de France, and the holy patronage of Saint Louis.

Within it are the hearts of Henri de Bourbon-Condé (died 1646), of his son, the great Condé (1686), of Henri-Jules (1709), Louis (1710), Louis-Henri, Duc de Bourbon (1740), Charles, Comte de Chawlais (1760), Louis, Comte de Clermont (1771), of the Duc de Bourbon (1830), and of Louis d'Orleans



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A DOORWAY IN THE CHATEAU.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to shelter him in Paris, the Duke found the great Château of Chantilly levelled to the height of the terrace, and the little château in apparently fatal disrepair. He died in 1824, after a pathetic effort to collect together the scattered relics of his ancient



"COUNTRY LIFE."

TAPESTRY IN THE DUC D'AUMALE'S, DINING-ROOM.

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(1866). Within it masses are sung forever to their memory, and to that of the unhappy Duc d'Enghien (1804), of Louis-Joseph de Bourbon (1818), Marie d'Orleans, Duchess of Wurtemberg (1839), Ferdinand, Duc d'Orleans (1842), Mme. Adelaide, sister of Louis-Philippe (1847), Louis-Philippe, the King (1850), Louise, Queen of the Belgians (1850), Leopold, Prince of Salerno, father of the Duchesse d'Aumale (1851), Queen Marie-Amélie (1866), the Duchesse d'Aumale (1869), François d'Orleans, Duc de Guise, second son of the Duc d'Aumale (1872), Marie-Clémentine, Archduchess of Austria, mother of the Duchesse d'Aumale (1881), Antoine d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier (1890), Louis d'Orleans, Duc de Nemours (1896), and Henri d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, the brave and gentle-hearted soldier whose death, on May 7th, 1897, placed upon the long list of Chantilly's

princely châtélains a name that was worthy to conclude it. France has suffered far more than England from wanton and unnecessary vandalism. Nearly half of those magnificent private houses which were the chief architectural result of the Renaissance have either been destroyed or altered past all recognition. In far too many cases the nobles themselves destroyed the lovely creations of their ancestors. But when these were left standing the buildings were nearly always desecrated as prisons, hospitals, lunatic asylums, or barracks. It is a disgrace to modern France that so many of these desecrations still linger, at Avignon, Tarascon and elsewhere. But Chantilly has had a kindlier fate. Even though so much of it has necessarily been reconstructed, its memories and its best architecture are safe for ever.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

THE RETURN OF SUMMER: AN ECLOGUE.

SCENE: ASHDOWN FOREST.

PERSONS: F.—A POET; D.—HIS DAUGHTER.

F. Here then, if you insist, my daughter:—still—
I must confess, that I preferred the hill.
The warm scent of the pinewood seemed to me
The first true breath of summer; did you see
The waxen hurt-bells with their promised fruit
Already purple at the blossom's root,
And thick among the rusty bracken strown
Sunburnt anemones long overblown?
Summer is come at last!

D. And that is why
Mine is a better place than yours to lie.
This dark old yew tree casts a fuller shade
Than any pine; the stream is simply made
For keeping bottles cool; and when we've dined
I could just wade a bit while you . . . reclined.

F. Empty the basket then, without more words . . .
But I still wish we had not left the birds.

D. Father! you are perverse! Since when, I beg,
Have forest birds been tethered by the leg?
They're everywhere! What more can you desire?
The cuckoo shouts as though he'd never tire,
The nuthatch, knowing that of noise you're fond,
Keeps chucking stones along a frozen pond,
And busy gold-crest, somewhere out of sight,
Works at his saw with all his tiny might.
I do not count the ring-doves or the rooks,
We hear so much about them in the books
They're hardly real; but from where I sit
I see two chaffinches, a long-tailed tit,
A missel-thrush, a yaffle,

F. That will do:
I may have overlooked a bird or two.
Where are the biscuits? Are you getting cramp
Down by the water there—it must be damp?

D. I'm only watching till your bottle's cool:
It lies so snug beneath this glassy pool,
Like a sunk battle-ship; and overhead
The water-boatmen get their daily bread
By rowing all day long, and far below
Two little eels go winding, winding slow . . .
Oh! there's a shark!

F. A what?

D. A miller's thumb.
Don't move, I'll tempt him with a tiny crumb.

F. Be quick about it, please, and don't forget
I am at least as dry as he is wet.

D. Oh, very well then, here's your drink.

F. That's good!
I feel much better now.

D. I thought you would (*exit quietly*).

F. How beautiful the world is when it breathes
The news of summer!—when the bronzy sheathes
Still hang about the beech-leaf, and the oaks
Are wearing still their dainty tasselled cloaks,
While on the hillside every hawthorn pale
Has taken now her balmy bridal veil,
And down below the drowsy murmuring stream
Lulls the warm noonday in an endless dream.
O little brook, far more thou art to me
Than all the pageantry of field and tree:
Es singen wohl die Nixen—ah! 'tis truth—
Tief unten ihren Reih'n—but only youth
Can hear them joyfully, as once I lay
And heard them singing of the world's highway,
Of wandering ended, and the maiden found,
And golden bread by magic mill-wheel ground.
Lost is the magic now, the wheel is still,
And long ago the maiden left the mill:
Yet once a year, one day, when summer dawns,
The old, old murmur haunts the river-lawns,
The fairies wake, the fairy song is sung,
And for an hour the wanderer's feet are young (*he dozes*).

D. (*returning*) Father! I called you twice.

F. I did not know:
Where have you been?

D. Oh, down the stream.

F. Just so:
Well, I went *up*.

D. I wish you'd been with me.

F. When East is West, my daughter, that may be.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

A DAY ON THE OUGHTON IN MAY.

THE weather had been frightful; it always is, or seems to be, when it is a question of fishing. In the present instance it was very cold, with a biting north-easter, and threatened to snow; not so bad, after all, for the end of May, and not exactly the weather that one would choose for a chance of catching trout with the fly. As on

under such circumstances needed plenty of points and a well-filled fly-book.

Just above the bridge, one of the worst offending alders stretched clear across the stream and drooped within 2ft. of the near bank, and under its shade a trout of very reasonable proportions seemed to be rising regularly. To sink to one knee—



A. H. Robinson.

AT WORK OVER A RISING FISH.

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the night previous, snugly ensconced beside a comfortable fire, we listened to the Arctic blast moaning round the house, we hoped against hope that the morrow would bring forth a brighter, better day, or best of all—though this could not be even hoped for—one of those calm, grey, warm days beloved alike of flies and trout, whereon one can face the open in something lighter than a great-coat, and, further, which would exactly suit the water I intended fishing. It was with a commingling of such hopes and fears that I found myself, a week or so back, on the banks of that pretty Hertfordshire stream, the Oughton. Just below where I stood the river flowed over a shallow under the arch of a bridge which ran over the main road to the North. Above me my own bank was clear of impediments to casting, but the less said of the opposite side the better. There were rows of them, great trees—alders, too—worse luck, varied with an occasional hawthorn, stretching out their wiry and unbreakable arms across the stream in mockery of me. In addition there was, of course, the inevitable cold fresh breeze dead in my teeth, and it needed no very great perception to see that a day's fly-fishing

of course in a very cold puddle and my knee-pad left at home—did not take long, and without any undue delay I was beautifully hooked up in that alder just short of the trout, who, if he saw at all, must have merely thought what a gale of wind was blowing, as the supple branch waved frantically to and fro under my vigorous pulls. Before long it broke—the cast, I mean—and, adding insult to injury, the broken end trailed in the stream close to the rising fish, adding materially to the difficulty of getting a fly over him. Still, he continued rising at two-minute intervals, and so was worth trying. There! that was right over him, and the olive sailed saucily right over his nose. It had already gone a foot or so past him, and I was on the point of withdrawing for a fresh cast when—plop! and a half-pounder was struggling vigorously but vainly to free himself. A conviction that the object of my efforts was no mere two year old kept my attention divided between my present and future victims, and while the former was kicking on the bank I had the gratification of seeing another rise in the same place beneath the boughs. So at him again I went, and in the next twenty minutes managed to run

through the whole gamut of stock patterns dear to the dry-fly man. At one of them—a ginger quill—he came with a good bulge, but beyond that he was unimpressed. There was nothing for it but—will all who stick to the dry-fly please skip the next few lines—a rather large Wickham in my fly-book attracted my attention. A move some 100 yds. up stream, and the “fly” swept round with the current under the boughs a foot above his abode. A heavy swirl, a glimpse of crimson and white and for the next five minutes my oft green-heart bent to the determined rushes of that gamest of game fish, a 1½ lb. rainbow. His size was all right, but the species was wrong—a rainbow—and I comforted myself with the reflection that *Salmo fario* would have probably been put down at once and for good by the alder episode. The wind, as I have said, was somewhat fresh



A. H. Robinson.

MARKING DOWN A GOOD ONE.

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as well as dead across stream; I urge this point as an excuse for what followed. Five yards or so up stream another rise caught my eye, and in a moment of abstraction—though this is hardly the correct phrase—a short cast sent the Wickham over his nose. Another swirl, and trout number three was tearing away up to a likely-looking patch of very green weed some 10yds. away. Checked in that attempt, after a number of frantic leaps, he also was landed, and turned out to be a rainbow, of 1lb. weight. As it yet lacked a day or so of the proper season for his tribe, he was returned to rejoin the other two. With the best part of two miles of water, all equally good, before me, I proceeded up stream, glad of a chance of getting away from those fly-devouring alders. A hundred yards up they terminated suddenly, the last tree of the row being a large ash. As luck would have it, well above all obstacles in an open reach a good fish was rising under the opposite bank. Measuring the distance carefully, I was just giving the last and longest switch behind me, when a sudden and unwelcome check, also from the rear, caused me to look round, to perceive my cast, the whole of it this time coiled round and round a branch that would have held a traction-engine. There was but one possible result; so consigning all trees—ashes and alders in particular—to a place where they wouldn't grow, I broke off, fitted up a new cast and went on. There were trout everywhere—in every spot I mean where they could not be got at. I watched fat spotted pounders taking siestas under hawthorns, ash roots, close to snags, in every position, in fact, except in the open where a cast was possible. I resolved to be tempted no more and to make my way straight to the mill-head, where I knew there was a mile and a-half of good, open, easy, dry-fly water. Another 100yds. was covered, and my resolve was yet firm when, in a particularly atrocious spot, I saw through the openings in the bushes, which here grew regularly along my side of the stream, a more than usually fat trout. As I looked he gently rose to the surface, sucked down an olive and sank to his former position. That settled it, and I



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A RAINBOW FIGHTS HARD.

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his head neared the surface, got nearer still, and in my narrow field of vision that trout and my olive seemed to meet on the surface. How he kicked and plunged, and those dreadful thorns had a regular field day on my shins as I held on hard and attempted, but vainly, to get rid of the intervening obstacles. At last I had him safely hooked, and by luck more than anything else guided him quite exhausted into a small open space. There he lay on his side beneath me, at the foot of a rather steep bank, down which I was beginning to climb, when the whole side gave way without warning, and—well, a chalk stream in May is not exactly like a warm bath. Luckily my rod was intact; not so the cast, half of which and the trout had vanished. My resolve was quite firm now, and I walked, or rather ran, to the freer atmosphere of the mill-head. A curious part of the Oughton is that the further up stream one goes the wider it gets. Where the adverse wind did not ruffle it the water looked as clear as gin, and the depth seemed at the outside 2ft. Obviously, it was a case of the finest cast if I wished to try conclusions with anything worth having. Fitted out, therefore, for the third time, and keeping well back, I walked cautiously up stream on the look-out for a rise. At the first bend above



A. H. Robinson.

THE WINDING OUGHTON.

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threw all caution to the winds in an endeavour to his undoing. The only way was to hold the rod with shortened line right over the tops of the intervening bushes—briars this time of the prickliest type—and get an olive over him by guiding it there. He was undisturbed at my proximity, and holding my rod over the bushes, I watched him through the leaves and waited for my olive to float on to the scene. It was plain that he was on the point of rising again, as imperceptibly

the mill there was a fish under the far bank, well flanked, indeed, by last year's sedges; but what were they to me, fresh from battles with ash and alder! The first cast with an olive was too much for that fellow, who turned out to be a rainbow of 1lb. or so. Returning him, I walked on, the absence of rises in a stream I knew to be full of fish making me even think wistfully of that alder-flanked reach I had quitted. Half the water had now passed under review for the one rise, and I was beginning

to blame the temperature, or the wind, for there was a very fair show of olives, though the fish would have none of them, when with startling suddenness just opposite me two fish rose simultaneously. Shielded by the large tussocks, which here grow all along the edge of the water, I tried conclusions with the lower of the two, who made no to do about it, but rose at once and was well hooked. The bend of the rod told me of a good fish, and a further pleasure was in store when through the clear water and the green weed I perceived that at last I had hold of a brown

trout, and a good one as well. Unfortunately, I had no landing-net; but as the fish was well worth it, risking another ducking, I played him to a standstill and lifted him out. This time it was a brown trout of a good 2lb., and in excellent condition. Concealing the corpse under a bundle of rushes, I went up to the end of the water, but not another rise was there to be seen. Coming back, the Wickham was again brought out, and with it I fished wet at all the bends of the stream, previous experience of the Oughton proving them to be the

likeliest places for fish. By this means five more fish, two of them brown trout, were added to the bag; and then, as trains do not wait even for trout to rise, an urgent engagement in London in the late afternoon forced me to retrace my steps. Down past the mill and the hatchery, and past the scene of my immersion, until, at the alder reach, I stopped for just that last cast which so often proves the best. It did not in this case, however, though at one time the bough was within a foot of my outstretched hand before it broke—I refer to the cast. That finished it. As a count of the day's work showed that I was three up on the alder reach—six trout against three casts—it was with a certain amount of satisfaction at overcoming natural obstacles that I reviewed the day on the return journey to London. M. R. L. WHITE.



A. H. Robinson.

THE REACH ABOVE THE MILL LOOKING UP.

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IN THE GARDEN.

SWEET PEAS IN EARLY JUNE.

ONE of the most interesting exhibits at the great Temple Show held last week consisted of the Sweet Peas shown by Mr. Robert Sydenham of Birmingham, Mr. Henry Eckford of Wem, Shropshire, and Messrs. Dobbie and Co. of Rothesay. It is a delight to smell these sweet flowers almost before the seeds sown outdoors have germinated. A bunch was sent a few days ago to the writer—flowers of pink and cream and purple—a reminder of the summer days to come. One wished to know the method by which these flowers were brought to such perfection, and here is the answer: "The Sweet Pea flowers were gathered from plants in pots. The seeds were sown last September in soil composed of good loam, leaf-mould, a little finely-sifted lime rubbish and a sprinkling of Thompson's fruit and vegetable manure. The pots, which must be well drained, are 12in., and filled with the soil to within 3in. of the top. Make moderately firm, and sow from eight to ten seeds in each. Cover about 2in. deep and place them near a wall, where they usually remain until November, when they are put into cold frames, and plenty of air given at all times. When about 4in. or 5in. high a few small twigs inserted round the pot keep them straight, and beyond freeing them from weeds they require little further attention until the spring, when they are staked with ordinary Pea stakes and stood on the greenhouse floor, where they flower. Feeding must be attended to, but not too early. An overdose, it should be remembered, is fatal. Give plenty of air and light, and water when required. The best early sorts are Miss Willmott, Gorgeous, Dainty, King Edward VII., Primrose, Scarlet Gem and Helen Lewis."

THE GREAT ROSE SHOW.

Rosarians are looking forward to the great show which will take place under the auspices of the National Rose Society on Thursday, July 4th next, when a strong competition is promised; the meeting-place will be the Royal Botanic Society's gardens at Regent's Park. Not only does the exhibitor appear in strong force, but flowers which are of value only in the garden are displayed in profusion—we mean the decorative varieties, ramblers, bush Roses and those which play their part in the garden landscape. A great feature is the new Rose, and much interest is displayed in the varieties put up for the coveted gold medal of the society. A provincial exhibition is also held under the same management, and this will take place on Tuesday, July 16th, at Saltaire; while on September 24th we have the interesting autumn show in the Royal Horticultural Society's hall in Vincent Square. The subscription to the society is one guinea a year, and Fellows obtain good value for their money. Not only does this include tickets for the shows, but also the many excellent publications dealing with Rose culture issued from time to time for the use of beginners. Thus there is the treatise on pruning, planting, and the "Annual," which was begun last year. Those who would care to join should write to the hon. secretary, Mr. Edward Mawley, Rosebank, Great Berkhamsted.

Kew Gardens in Early June.

A walk through the Royal Gardens, Kew, in the early days of June is full of interest, and never have these beautiful grounds appeared more charming than this year. The Lilacs, which have blossomed so abundantly and filled the air with their fragrance, have faded, but the Roses are bursting into flower in the dell near the Pagoda, the Hawthorns are not yet over, and the

little Rhododendron valley is a blaze of colour. Bluebells still linger, Forget-me-nots are a sea of sky blue, the rock garden teems with interesting plants and the bog garden on a warm day is grateful to the senses. Here the Trollius or Globe-flower is happy, and has for companions Primula rosea, the noble Bronze leaf (*Rodgersia podophylla*), Orcus, Marsh Marigolds and a host of moisture-loving plants which gave beauty to this little corner in the spring days. Kew is worthy of a visit at all seasons, but especially in late May and early June.

THE JAPANESE WISTARIA IN FLOWER.

The tree or shrub, whichever one is pleased to call it, of the moment is the Wistaria, *W. sinensis*, with clustering trails of lavender on the still leafless branches; but it is not of this familiar kind one would now write—rather of the beautiful Japanese *W. multijuga*, which seems little known in this country. A specimen of it may be seen in bloom in the arboretum in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and its dissimilarity to *W. sinensis* is at once apparent. The lilac-shaded flowers are not so large individually, but the racemes frequently measure 3ft. in length, a rain of blossom, which gives to the Japanese gardens almost as much beauty as in the time of the Cherry. A happy way of growing the Wistaria is against a Fir or some tall conifer. We remember this sweet marriage at Knaphill in Surrey. There a Wistaria has entwined its stems round the Fir and sent its shoots among the branches—a sea of lavender in early summer days when the shrub attains its full beauty. Another association is Wistaria and the lovely Clematis montana—drifts of snow white and lavender, the one accentuating the other. We recall to mind an old wayside inn over which these climbers have travelled, even to the roof, bowing the building in flowers at this season. Mr. Parsons writes of the effect of the Wistaria among trees in his "Notes on Japan." This would be *W. multijuga*, which cannot be depended upon to always flower with the same freedom in Japan as in Britain. Here is the reference to it: "The masses of flowers turned the lower trees into big bouquets of pale mauve, and seemed to drip like fountains from the tall Oaks and Cryptomerias; and, to add to the beauty, all the undergrowth of Andromeda had put out its young leaves in many shades of colour; as Chaucer says, 'Some very red and some a glad light green.' One glade particularly attracted me. A tiny clear stream wound along through the brilliant grasses, and the trees which covered the steep banks on each side of the little meadow were completely overgrown with the vines and smothered with their blossoms. This, too, was a quiet spot, out of the track of tourists and pilgrims. . . . the only passers were a few women and children collecting firewood or gathering the young Fern shoots which were sprouting through the grass. These are cut just as they begin to unroll, and when they are boiled and flavoured with soy they are really quite good to eat; at least, one thinks so in Japan." The writer would much like to hear of any good specimens of Wistaria multijuga in this country, whether their flowering is consistent and the greatest length the racemes have attained.

THE PERIWINKLES FOR GROWING UNDER TREES.

It is a matter for surprise that the Periwinkles or Vincas are not more seen in English gardens. They have been accused of weediness, of thrusting themselves into places where they are not wanted, and in the exuberance of their growth running over less rampant plants. This accusation is just to a certain extent, but the clear blue colouring of the flowers, their profusion and

the pretty way in which they peep from the clear green foliage are to the writer as welcome as the yellow of the Rose of Sharon, which will grow under similar conditions. When in the Royal Gardens recently we were impressed with the vigour of the Periwinkle—the single blue kind—and the freshness of its foliage under a common Elm; it was not growing in any half-hearted way, but was as vigorous as, even more so than, in the open ground. This, then, is a plant to include. We are frequently asked to mention the names of things which will thrive in the shade, and the Periwinkle must come into the first list. It was associated in the present instance with Bluebells. Away from trees, crowning or covering some rough bank, the Periwinkle gives a sweet beauty to the garden. We remember a mass of it at the corner of the drive to a house on a Hertfordshire estate, and this was as much treasured as the Daffodils reflected in the moat water. The blue flowers twinkling among the leaves are with us many months in the year, and we are grateful for their constant presence. If one wishes for an increase of stock, this may be accomplished now by dividing the roots; but in the event of very dry weather, some care will be necessary in watering to establish the plants. After these notes are in print it will be wise to wait until autumn before either planting or dividing the roots. The Periwinkle most commonly seen is *Vinca major*, which is a native of our woods and hedgerows. The trailing stems are of great vigour, and the flowers quite zinc across. Of this there is a variety called *elegantissima*, in which the leaves are edged with creamy white. *V. minor* is, as the name suggests, smaller both in flower and foliage, but it is the prettier of the two, and the varieties include not only violet and blue, but a double form also, while the gold and silver leaved sorts have considerable beauty.

RHODODENDRON LADY ELEANOR CATHCART.

One of the most beautiful features in the interesting Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh consists of the bush of Rhododendron Lady Eleanor Cathcart, one of the freest and most effective of this group of peat-loving shrubs. The illustration shows the wealth of blossom, which almost hides the foliage.

HARDY AZALEAS IN WOODLAND.

In many gardens the hardy Azalea is a blaze of colour. It is the most joyous and satisfying of early-flowering summer shrubs, and the fringe of the woodland is the place to plant it to give the effect of colour one so much desires. Driving through a Buckingham lane a few days ago a cloud of colour lit up the view, and this cloud came from a large planting of Azaleas—the one bright spot on the woodland fringe. The Lilacs were over, the Laburnums shivered in the wintry wind, and the Thorns seemed to have lost heart; it was the hardy Azalea that reminded one of early summer in the cold air. Azaleas are

now called Rhododendrons, but to prevent confusion in the mind of those who are not botanists the groups are kept distinct. The Knaphill Azaleas are the most gorgeous in colouring, and they have flowers of perfect form set in the cluster in such a way that they look one straight in the face, with the result that the full effect of the brilliant orange, yellow, buff, scarlet, red, salmon and a hundred other tints is realised. One object of planting in the woodland or a clearing in a wood is to protect the flowers from late spring frosts. The shrubs are as hardy as the Oak, but the treacherous and sometimes severely cold nights in May dim the colours, if the flowers are not destroyed outright.



J. & R. Adam.

A BUSH OF LADY ELEANOR CATHCART.

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F. M. Sutcliffe. THRIFT IN A ROCK GARDEN. Copyright

Named varieties are few in number, the hybrids having attained a perfection which renders individual titles unnecessary. Both Rhododendrons and Azaleas are most satisfactory in a peaty soil, and not many years ago their cultivation in any other ground was considered impossible. But they will succeed in all soils in which lime or chalk is not present. Loamy ground with leaf-mould mixed with it will grow Rhododendrons and Azaleas to perfection, but to poor soil add plenty of well-decayed cow manure.

THRIFT ON ROCK FACE.

It is not often that Thrift or Sea Pink (*Armeria maritima*) is grown in the way shown in the accompanying illustration, but in this position the rosy-flowered tufts make a rich display of colour. We have seen it frequently in the rock garden, and also used as an edging to a border, but not as depicted.

THE CUTTING OF ASPARAGUS.

Asparagus has become one of the most popular of vegetables, and a good bed of it is considered indispensable in the kitchen garden. The writer was asked recently when is considered the proper time to stop cutting the shoots and the treatment the soil requires after this period of its growth. Opinions seem to be somewhat divided upon the first point, but after June cutting should generally cease. The growths are later in some seasons than in others, and when this luscious vegetable is required over as late a period as possible, special beds must be prepared for the purpose. This elaborate system does not apply to the small garden in which there is space for one bed to give a supply for a few weeks when the weather is sufficiently warm to promote a strong growth. The great

mistake made by those who do not understand the growing of Asparagus is that of cutting too heavily, as this means a weakly plant for the following year. This is obvious, as, if there are no stems and therefore no leaves, stalks must be few and weakly when Asparagus time again comes round.

HOW TO MAKE AN ASPARAGUS-BED.

We were also asked the best way to make an Asparagus-bed, and consulted one of the best authorities upon the subject. He mentioned that there is no reason why Asparagus should not be as common and reasonable in price as any other hardy vegetable. January is a good time to form the beds. These should be 7ft. wide and of any length desired. If there are two or more beds side by side, the distance between them should be 3ft. Dig the soil out of the bed to a depth of 1ft., and place it in the space between them, as it will be wanted as a covering in the future. On the bottom of the bed should be placed, if available, any garden vegetable refuse, which it is often difficult to know what to do with, such as Cabbage and Bean stalks and Potato haulms. This will make an excellent manurial foundation, and

will also act, more or less, for some years in draining it. Asparagus does not like very damp or too heavy or cold a soil. Where seaweed is available it makes an excellent substitute for forming the bottom of the bed, as the Asparagus is a seaside plant. When neither of these materials is available, place a 6in. layer of manure on the bottom, dig it in, and mix it with the bottom soil of the bed, after treading the dug ground gently with the feet, and when it is fairly dry. On the top of this place another layer of richer and more decayed manure—say, 4in. thick—and over this 4in. of the soil close at hand. Trench the whole down, and after raking it over it will be ready to

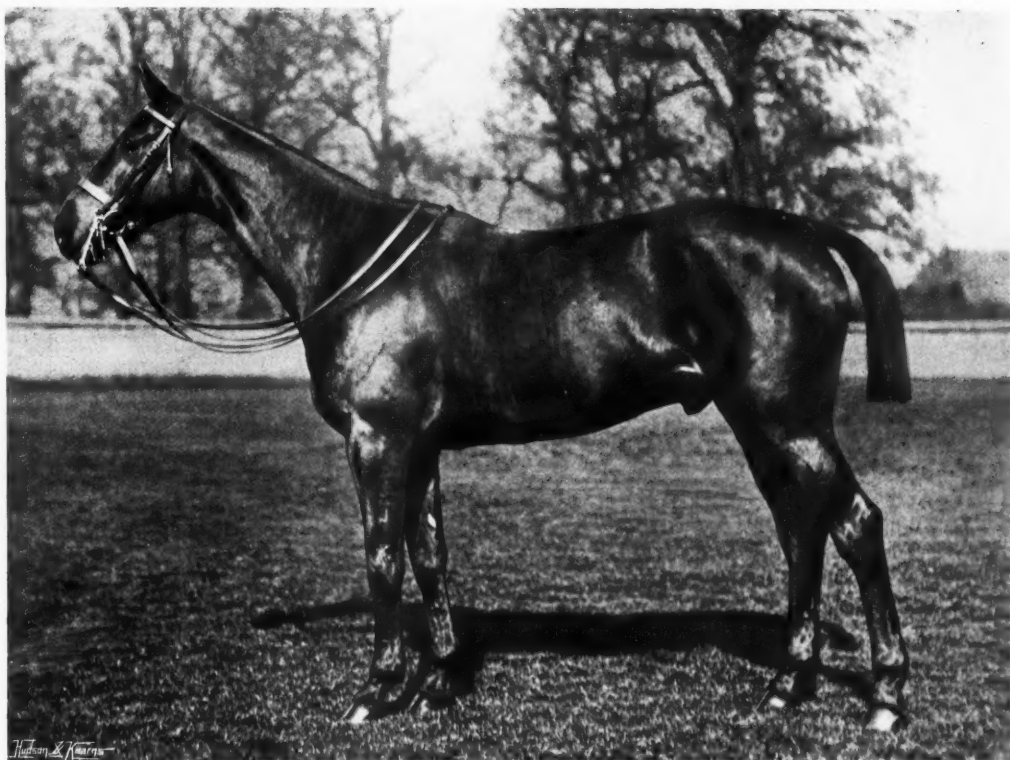
receive the young roots. A bed of this size will hold five rows—one in the centre and two on each side, 18in. apart, and 2ft. between root and root in the rows. Two year old plants are the best, and these may be procured from any good nurseryman at a cheap rate. The end of March or the first week in April is the best time to plant. Lay the roots on the surface of the prepared beds at the distances apart given, and then cover each with a good spadeful of soil. This should be pressed firmly about the roots and covered with 3in. of soil. Take care that the soft crown of

the root is not injured by hand pressure. Add more soil to the surface of the beds from the side paths or alleys, and bring it to the same level as the soil over the roots. A few heads of Asparagus may be cut the second year after planting for about a fortnight while the crop is at its best, but none the first season. The third year will yield a good supply, and every year afterwards for a lifetime with little expense or trouble, provided the bed or beds are kept free from weeds in summer and a dressing of manure given each autumn after the ripe grass is cut off.

OLYMPIA AND ITS LESSONS.

THIS week there opens at Olympia what purports to be the first of an annual series of Great International Horse Shows.

Such a show as this, if thoroughly carried out on the broadest of international lines, should be productive of results far reaching and beneficial to the great industry of horse-breeding throughout the world. In so far as our own breeders are concerned, the subject is one of the greatest importance. Hitherto horses raised in these islands have invariably commanded the highest prices paid for animals of their respective kind, and up to now the British breeder has not been called upon to face a serious competition in his own line of business. But year by year more and more good mares of various kinds, from the thorough-bred of the highest class down to the smallest pony, have been drafted into foreign countries, and first-class stallions have followed them. In various parts of the world, wherever, in fact, the soil and climate are in any way suitable for the purpose, money, skill, enterprise and labour have been brought to bear on the breeding and raising of the various kinds of horses; and the time has come



W. A. Rouch.

ENGLISH HUNTER.

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when, if we are to retain our supremacy as a horse-breeding nation, and if our horses are to continue to command the best prices, we must give convincing proof that our stock is the best the world can show. To live and dream in a "fool's paradise" is pleasant enough until the awakening comes; and without going so far as to say that we have as breeders been dwelling in a false Elysium, signs are not wanting that it is time to awake and set our house in order. That being so, we may, perhaps, take the occasion to see what goods we have in stock, and to satisfy ourselves by comparison with the wares of other dealers that they are sufficiently up-to-date to ensure a ready sale in the market.

That owing to a variety of circumstances the so-called thorough-bred horse has been brought to a very high standard of excellence in this country, is generally admitted. So much so, in fact, that until within the last few years foreign breeders have almost invariably come to us for mares and stallions wherewith to maintain and improve their own breed of thorough-bred horses. But there is reason to believe that with regard to this particular breed we shall be called upon to face an ever-increasing competition, and there is little doubt that to retain our hold



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HACKNEY PONY.

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POLO PONY.

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CLEVELAND BAY.

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upon the bloodstock markets of the world continued effort and a keener appreciation of the science of breeding will be necessary.

Essentially English are the three great breeds of heavy, powerful horses represented by the Clydesdales, Shires and Suffolk Punches. It may be that the further application of machinery to purposes of draught and agriculture threatens to destroy the demand for these horses; but it is to be hoped that the individual and associated efforts which have done so much in the past to preserve and improve these splendid animals will not be found wanting in the future. The Hackney has come to be looked upon as a peculiarly English breed of horse, and, in fact, is perhaps entitled to that distinction. But it is doubtful if the modern Hackney *per se* is of much value except for the purposes of the show-ring. Still, it must be acknowledged that when fresh and untired a well-bred Hackney is a beautiful animal to look at in repose, and a marvellous exhibition of fine movement and balance when in action. The distinguishing characteristic of the breed is "action," and there is perhaps no animal so capable of getting what a dealer calls "sellers" as a good Hackney stallion. In the way of carriage horses we can offer good specimens of the Cleveland Bays and of the old Yorkshire coach horses. But they are limited in number, and the supply of first-class carriage horses is now to a great extent in the hands of the foreigner. That this should be so is a matter to be regretted; no class of horse is so readily saleable at fairly remunerative prices as is a good stamp of carriage, or perhaps one should say harness, horse. The mares to breed from are not wanting in this country; suitable stallions, the best of the Hackney strain, for instance, are available, and yet not only have we no animals of this class to sell to the foreigner, but even those which we require for our own use come mostly from abroad. Canada and the United States, France, Germany and Hungary all breed good carriage and harness horses, and it is not easy to understand why English breeders cannot, or at any rate do not, follow their example. The "Hunter" type of horse as bred and reared in these islands can, and does, hold its own against all comers; but it is only fair to say that the present writer has seen French, American and Canadian bred horses going well over the stiffest part of High Leicestershire. With ponies we are well provided; tough and hardy specimens of these "little horses" can readily be selected from the Exmoor, Dartmoor, Welsh, Shetland, Irish and other breeds. The increased demand for polo ponies has, moreover, acted as a stimulant to pony-breeders, and in this particular class of animal there has been a steady and progressive improvement; but as yet the supply is not equal to the demand, and we are obliged to draw upon foreign countries for animals which we should be specially qualified to furnish.

There is among breeders in this country a comforting belief that in no other part of the world can pedigree stock of any sort be maintained at a high standard of excellence, and that therefore there must be a constant demand for English-bred animals. From a variety of causes, climatic and other, there would appear to be a solid foundation for this notion. How far, however, the breeder of bloodstock can continue to rely upon the supposition remains to be seen. In France, for instance, many parts of the country are eminently suitable for the breeding and rearing of horses, some of the old French breeds of which are still remarkable for their excellence. It is, however, more with the horses of to-day that we are concerned, and the steady improvement in all breeds of horses in France may well give our own breeders cause for anxiety. Until quite recently, would-be purchasers of first-class thorough-bred stallions or mares brought their money to spend it in the English market, but much of it is now diverted to the pockets of French breeders. It is, however, to the general stamp of horses in the country that one must look for purposes of comparison, and in this respect there can be no doubt



A TEAM OF SUFFOLK PUNCHES.

that the persistent efforts of successive Governments in France have been crowned with success. The type of animal there available for military purposes is, if anything, superior to our own, and there is a plentiful supply of what may be called good roadster or general-utility horses. In the Percheron the French have a distinctly valuable breed of horses, about which, by the way, there exists a striking peculiarity in that it comprises three distinct grades—heavy, middle and light—of animals belonging to identically the same strain. The Boulonnais and the Breton "bidet" are also useful types of serviceable and active horses of their respective kinds, and excellent ponies result from a cross between the Arab and the hardy little mares bred in the district of the Landes. Considerable attention has been paid in France to the breeding of high-class harness horses, and for this purpose well-bred Hackney sires have been largely used, with the result that great improvement has been effected in their general style and action. In Normandy, in particular the crossing of the Hackney stallion with the French roadster mares has resulted in the establishment of a breed of horses known as the Anglo-Norman, and stallions so bred are in good demand and readily saleable at very remunerative prices to buyers from Hungary, Austria and Germany.

In the breeding of bloodstock from a racing point of view, relatively slow progress, if, indeed, any at all, has been made in Germany. Why this should be so is not easy to understand, for the Germans are exceedingly scientific breeders, excellent judges of the make and shape of a horse, and do not hesitate to spend large sums of money in the purchase of both mares and stallions. It may be that the climate in general is not suitable to the development of the thorough-bred horse; but in all probability a still stronger reason for the slow progress made in the improvement of the German bloodstock is to be found in the strenuous efforts to

provide a supply of good all-round animals for military purposes. Be that as it may, first-class carriage horses are bred in Germany, notably in the Oldenburgh district, many of these horses finding their way to this country, where they may be seen in daily use as *chevaux de luxe* in London. Apt to be plain about the head, and lacking the well-turned quarters of a Cleveland Bay or Yorkshire coach horse, these Oldenburghers are, nevertheless, fine commanding animals, and make a good show when harnessed to a well-appointed barouche or landau, and a great point in their favour for this sort of work is that in addition to a sufficiently strong action they are, as a rule, good whole-coloured bays or browns. From Holstein comes a breed of strong, sturdy and active animals, with action suggesting a Hackney cross—a fact which, although it carries with it no recommendation in the opinion of an English rider, causes the Holsteiner to be in some repute among heavy horsemen in his own country. From Schleswig comes a type of horse which might be taken as the German representative of our Suffolk Punch; but he is lacking in bulk, and, although active enough and a willing worker, is not possessed of much endurance. Good horses were formerly bred in Spain, and there is no apparent reason why this should not be the case again. The Italian breeders are keenly alive to the value of good horses of various breeds, and are doing excellent work in the way of improving their stamp of animal for all-round purposes. In America, apart from the thorough-bred, the trotting horse, who is to all intents and purposes a thorough-bred, has been developed to quite a high standard of excellence; and we have, moreover, much to learn from our American cousins in regard to the breaking and training of horses for harness purposes. Few opportunities, however, arise for a comparison between English and American bred horses of what may be called the better class of the general-



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AN ENGLISH FOUR-IN-HAND.

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utility animal. But before the present show at Olympia is over we shall, it is to be hoped, have had an opportunity of seeing how some of our coach horses, saddle horses and hunters compare with animals of a corresponding class which plucky and enthusiastic American amateurs have brought over to compete with the best we can produce.

Large numbers of hardy, active and well-bred horses are bred in Hungary. In South America and the Argentine good horses and ponies have always been available, and constant improvement is being effected by the importation of the best strains of blood which can be bought in England and in France. With the exception of the thorough-bred, horses bred in Australia and New Zealand are in many respects superior to our own. Nor can we rest content in the knowledge that we possess horses of any sort in sufficient numbers for our own requirements in a time of need. From time immemorial conquering and dominant nations have maintained a superior breed of horses, whereas among decadent and effeminate races the horse-breeding industry has invariably been neglected. The Koran bears eloquent testimony to the value which Mahomet attached to horses, and especially to mares. In it we read that, addressing himself to the horse, the Creator says: "Thou shalt be for man a source of happiness and wealth, thy back shall be a seat of honour. . . . Every grain of barley given to thee shall purchase indulgence for the sinner." Then, bridging over the space of Time, we come to the days of the great Napoleon, to whose foresight and provision is largely due the vast improvement effected in the horse supply of France.



J. Atkinson.

SKYLARK AND YOUNG

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WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

NOTES OF THE EARLY SUMMER.

THINGS happen so fast in Nature at this time of year that it is as much as one can do merely to make note of what seems worth noting. One fact which appears to have thrust itself upon the attention of people in all parts of the country alike is the extraordinary number of queen wasps this spring. So plentiful are they that wasps seem almost as abundant now as if it were the fruit season, and they are disagreeably friendly and domestic in their ways, with a mistaken notion that the only suitable places for their nests are to be found in the cucumber frames and outhouses. Although I am aware of the arguments in favour of the wasp as a caterpillar destroyer, personally I prefer to kill wasps and take my chance with caterpillars. If I could find that the former made any serious effort to help me with my rose bushes, it would be possible to feel more kindly towards them; but the rose bushes are full of caterpillars crying for extermination, so numerous that even daily hand-picking is almost a mockery. Regardless of this fact, however, the wasps go sternly past the rose-beds to do their hunting in the uncultivated lands where the existence or non-existence of caterpillars is a matter of relative indifference to human beings. Besides, wasps kill spiders and ichneumon flies, both of which are useful insecticides; and when one adds to the debit side of the account the damage which they do to ripe fruit later on—not to mention their obtrusive personal ways—my thumb goes up against the wasp every time.

THE STRONGER SEX.

One thing that strikes one in a cold spring like this is that the queen wasps are not nearly so dependent on warm weather as are the general run of their families later on. Under any circumstances, the wasp is not approximately so much a creature of the sunshine as the bee. There is a wall at the bottom of the kitchen garden honeycombed with holes wherein two kinds of bees breed in something more than a sufficiency; and when the sun is shining one can hear the roar made by the insects buzzing about the face of the wall all over the garden. If the sun goes behind a cloud silence settles down within a second or two and every bee disappears. All species of bumble bee (the *Bombi*) especially become helpless and cold torpid on a dull or chilly day. In the autumn one knows how a touch of cold half numbs even wasps, leaving them to creep about the ground and wait, apparently, till they get an opportunity to crawl up somebody's clothes. But the queen wasp in the spring is different. She has so much work to do that Nature cannot afford to let her be put off by a mere change of weather; and queen wasps may be seen going industriously about their business as active as if it were a

sultry August noon, in spite of dull skies and east winds. We may presume it to have been the long warm weather of last autumn which has given us the plethora of queen wasps this spring; but, having once withstood the rigours of the winter, they do not appear to care how cold it may be now.

THE WRYNECK AND ITS DOUBLE.

A curious example of how easy it is to be misled as to the note of a bird was forced on my attention this week. From a clump of tall elm trees, some 60 yds. from the house, there came the call of a wryneck. I made no doubt of its being a wryneck, because I hear the wrynecks in these trees every year; but even as I was searching the trees with my glasses for the bird that made the noise, there flew from somewhere in the same clump, boldly out across the sky, a kestrel. I was annoyed at having mistaken the one call for the other; but, as I stood watching the kestrel beating its way across the open to the wood where its nest is, from the trees that it had left the wryneck called again. Then I found the wryneck with my glasses, but, if it had not happened to cry that last time just when it did, I should have been firmly convinced that it was the kestrel which I had heard, and that I did not yet know the two notes apart, which I flattered myself that I did. A few minutes later the kestrel called from its woodland, and for the first time in my life I heard the two notes in close juxtaposition.

THE ERRATIC CHAFFINCH.

Last week I found one of those peculiar chaffinches' nests which have given rise to the belief in many parts of the country, especially in Scotland, that there are two separate species which pass under the common name. The nest in question is in a hawthorn bush, about 4 ft. from the ground, though in the immediate neighbourhood of trees which offer an abundance of orthodox chaffinch nesting-sites. The nest is all of moss, without any lichen or other covering, slightly less compact than the ordinary nest of the bird. The eggs, four in number, are more sparingly marked than usual. I doubt if one ornithologist in twenty, being shown the nest in the bush, would at the first guess pronounce it to belong to a chaffinch. The eggs have almost enough of variety to make one doubt. But the birds are undoubtedly chaffinches.

A SILENT TRAGEDY.

A pair of blackbirds built their nest this year in a pile of brushwood—or more literally a pile of pea-sticks—so close to the pathway that every day in passing we stopped to say how-do-you-do to the hen bird, who never moved, although we need have leaned but a little forward to stroke her. At last one morning she was not on the nest, but instead there were two young birds, just hatched and very much alive, and two eggs still to hatch. Half-an-hour later she was still not on the nest. Next morning evidently she had not been back and the two young birds were dead. Nothing, of course, explains her desertion at such a moment except her death. There had been a tragedy of some kind; but what seems to make the little episode so dramatic is that we should have passed and stopped to look at the young ones (of course we did not touch them) at what must have been the precise moment when the tragedy was happening. The two newly-hatched and healthy birds showed that she could only just have left the nest, never to come back. We have a good many more blackbirds here than we need; but if we had guessed the situation we would assuredly have tried to save the lives of those two forlorn little fledglings.

GROUND-NESTING BLACKBIRDS.

On the subject of blackbirds' nests I see that certain papers devoted to natural history still seem to think it worth while to go on year after year printing letters from correspondents who have had the marvellous fortune to find a blackbird's or thrush's nest placed upon the ground. But surely every birds'-nesting boy in the British Isles knows that they both frequently nest upon the ground! Amid the herbage on steep banks under hedges, or up against the roots of isolated bushes, especially, in my experience, when these bushes grow near the edge of a pond or stream—nests in such places, while of course they are not the rule, are too frequent to be called exceptional, and certainly too common to be annually reported as curiosities.

THE SECRETIVE LARK.

At this time of year, if one plays golf much, at least on any of the courses in Cambridgeshire, he is almost certain unwittingly to wreck a lark's nest or two during the season; for though the lark's nest is often so extremely difficult to find when you look for it, it is wonderfully easy to stumble on by accident. There have been many cases of golf balls actually coming to rest inside a nest, sometimes without breaking the eggs; and, taking the country as a whole, the number of nests, with eggs or young birds, which are scrunched annually by players wandering round in search of their balls in the "rough" must be very great. Sometimes a lark's nest is extraordinarily difficult to see, even when one is searching for it, and though the inside of the nest with the eggs may be fully exposed to view. But for experience it

might not be supposed that the thickly marked dark eggs were particularly well adapted to concealment among green grass; but it is not the green of the grass that forms their background. It is the shaded hollow of the nest against which the eggs are so nearly invisible, while the nest itself, made of dead grass, merges imperceptibly into the shadows of the neighbouring roots and stems. The trick which the old birds have of neither rising directly from, nor settling directly in, the immediate vicinity of the nest is often very baffling. Unless one has walked right on the nest, so that the bird has no time to do anything but rise from under one's feet, it may always be taken for certain that the spot from which it gets up is not by some yards the actual site of the home. Larks always run some distance before taking wing, and return with the same precaution, making the cab put them down, as it were, at the corner of the street instead of driving up to the doorstep.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The orange-tip butterfly has been unusually abundant in Cambridgeshire this spring. It is always, as in most places, common enough, but this

year it has, for the first time to my recollection, turned up as an *habitué* of the garden. It is usually plentiful along lanes and in damp meadows not far away, where its food plant (*Cardamine pratensis*) abounds; but this year it has invaded the gardens of at least this house and one other, where it spends such hours of sunshine as there are fluttering about the lilac bushes—sometimes in threes or fours at a bush together. The lilac blossom has been unusually gorgeous this year (as most of the spring flowers have been), but it hardly seems possible that that fact could have attracted the butterfly from its usual haunts. More probably it was an accident of agriculture which last year caused the preservation of a number of the food plants on which the eggs had been laid, which would, under normal circumstances, have been destroyed; and I think we can guess what that accident was, for the hay crop last year was so poor that many fields were not worth the cutting. Though it sounds paradoxical, it is reasonable to infer that a very bad hay crop may be expected to produce an abnormal abundance in the following year of these insects which feed on plants growing among the hay. H. P. R.

OLD ARMOUR AT MADRID.

BY VISCOUNT DILLON.

THE recent important and happy event at Madrid, which has caused such satisfaction not only in Spain, but in our own country also, as promising a continuation of that peace and quiet for the maintenance of which our King has so successfully laboured, was the reason I was asked by the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE to give the following notes on the Armeria Real of Madrid. Although some eleven

years have passed since I first visited the Armeria under the learned and pleasant guidance of the late Count Valencia de Don Juan, but few alterations in attribution or description of the splendid contents of the Armeria have to be noted. The present learned and amiable Director, Don José Maria Florit, has, very naturally, found some points on which to differ from his predecessors, but these are of no great interest to the ordinary visitor. What does at once strike that person is the narrow space in which so many treasures are confined, causing the eye to be dazzled and almost oppressed by the crowded state of the room. A more spacious setting would enhance the value of its contents.

Of all the armouries of Europe, the two most important are those of Madrid and Vienna. In them the student has an opportunity of noting the high excellence to which the armourer's art attained in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and also there is in both of these armouries the great personal interest attaching to the suits displayed, which we can only find to a much more limited extent in the Paris, Dresden, Turin, Berlin, or London collections. But of the two, the Madrid Armoury is in some respects richer than that at Vienna. In Madrid we see the numerous suits, one richer than another, of those magnificent patrons of the armourer's art, Charles V. and his son Philip II. And though armour of both these sovereigns and of many other princes and warriors is to be seen at Vienna, yet at Madrid one gets a better idea of what a complete suit meant in the sixteenth century, when varieties of combats and distinctly different occasions for wearing armour entailed a large number of pieces and reinforcements according to the special object in view. Madrid has, like Vienna, suffered from civil

and external war, and in addition to these two drains on the collection, there was evidently a time, probably about 1839, when the collection was quietly, but intelligently, robbed. The arms and armour of Charles V. were, no doubt, the nucleus of the present collection, and to his successor Philip II. was no less due the largeness of it. It seems that in 1556, when Philip II. returned from England, the Court was fixed at Madrid,



A 26.

CHARLES V. MOUNTED FOR THE JOUST.



A 243

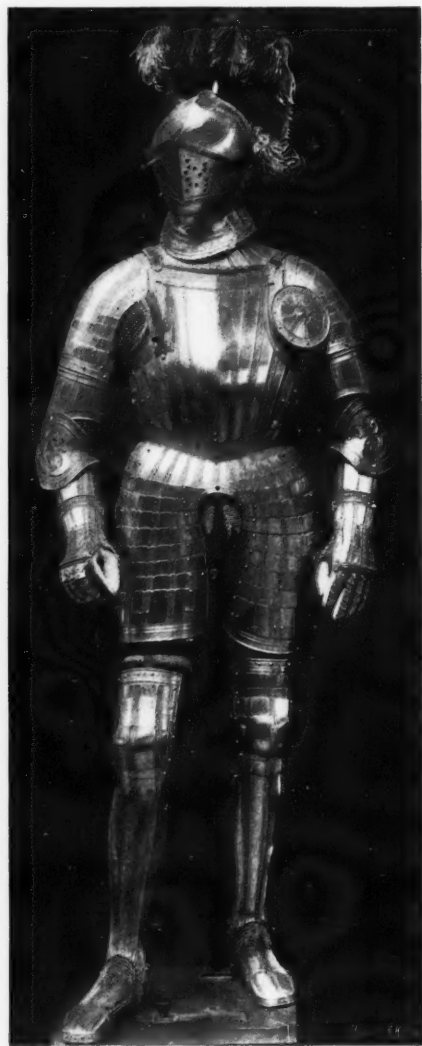
PHILIP II.



A 87.

CHARLES V.: TILTYARD EQUIPMENT.

and the architect Gaspar de Vega constructed close to the old Alcazar a building for the Royal stables, with a large saloon in which were arranged the arms, armour, banners and military costumes worn by himself and his father. Thus arose a most interesting museum, to which later on were added arms from the Royal Treasury at Segovia, such as the Colada and the Tizona of the Cid, the Lobera of L'Ferdinand and many more, including those of Don Carlos and Don Juan. To these were added the spoils of Lepanto and the flags of the Santa Liga, presents from Pope Pius V. Later, these flags were removed to the cathedral of Toledo, where they remained. Succeeding sovereigns continued the design of Philip II., and trophies of the wars with Germany, Italy and England were added, as also those gained in the reconquest of Oran. To these, also, the rich arms, etc., which the ambassadors of Turkey and Morocco presented to the Spanish sovereigns made a rich addition.



A 129.

SUIT WITH FLUTED BANDS.

It was in 1808 that the Madrid mob, irritated by the Napoleonic invasion, burst into the Armoury and, with a view to arming themselves, carried off some 300 swords and much armour, which, of course, were not recovered. But perhaps the greatest loss in the way of national interest was the handing over to Murat, Duke of Berg, of the sword which Francis I. surrendered with himself at the battle of Pavia, February 14th, 1525. This sword, of course, is now J 376 in the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris. The escape of the whole armoury from the clutches of the French was due to the fact that, when Joseph Bonaparte decided to give a grand ball in the saloon, the priceless arms and armour were huddled into the garrets, and so escaped being transferred to Paris. In 1849 Don Antonio Martinez de Romero drew up the catalogue and glossary of terms which, with several plates of armourers' marks, served as the only guide to this collection for many years. On the night of July 9th, 1884, a

terrific conflagration destroyed all the wooden figures on which the armour was displayed, upwards of seventy flags taken in battle and many other valuable objects. The young King, Alphonso XII., however, at once ordered the restoration of the collection, which, with additions from the collections of the Duke d'Osuna, the Infantado and others, besides purchases from abroad, were newly arranged and mounted under the direction of the late Count Valencia de Don Juan, who in 1898 published the splendid catalogue *raisonnée* which is the last word on the subject, and to which we are indebted for very much of our information. Jubinal, in 1839, published a large work with lithograph illustrations by Sensi, but Count Valencia's catalogue has, among other advantages, that of the illustrations being taken from photographs. For the student who cannot master Spanish, Lacombe's "Armes et Armures" in French and Boutell's "Arms and Armour" in English reproduce on a small scale many of Jubinal's illustrations.

As regards the sword of Francis I. taken to France by Murat, the official catalogue of the Musée d'Artillerie states that this weapon, bearing the inscriptions "Chataldo me fecit" and

the joust with the necessary extra defences; 19 shows the pieces for war. No. 27 has some of the extra pieces for the tiltyard, especially the *tarja de justa*. The next armour in point of date is that known as "El de Valladolid," the Prince having worn it at a great tournament there in 1517. A 37 displays the armour for the tiltyard. The man's armour weighs 56½ kilos., that for the horse 58½, making a total of some 250lb. of metal. The next suit from Colman's workshop is that "de Volutas Flordelisadas," made in 1521. With this armour is elegant armet A 75, surrounding which are shown some of the numerous "pieces de rechange" used in the various classes of combats.

The next armour is of 1526, and is known as the "Tonlete de Cacerias" from the figure A 93, which displays an interesting portion of the suit, viz., the tonlet or metal skirt, which was used in combats on foot, and generally with the two persons concerned separated by a wooden barrier. The fight might be with axes, swords or lances, and a certain number of blows only would be given. This tonlet has the lower margin ornamented with repoussé work, displaying hounds, etc., hence the name given

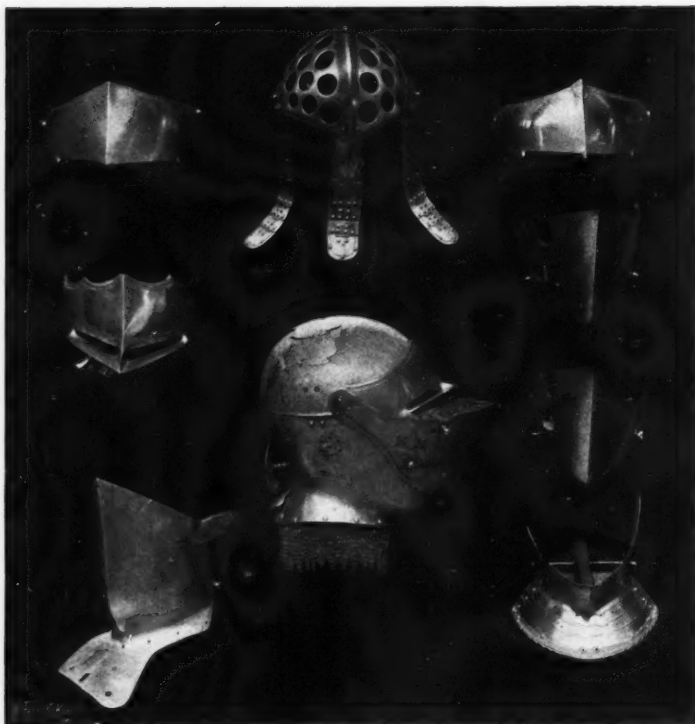
A 27.
JOUSTING SHIELD.A 19
FIGHTING ON FOOT.A 93.
BROAD SKIRT.

"Fecit Potenciam in Brachio Suo," was, according to a Spanish account, taken from the French King's tent, its owner probably using a cut and thrust sword in the fight in which he was wounded. In considering the riches of this collection, it may be convenient to note first the armour of Charles V., then that of Philip II. and finally to deal with armour of other attributions, and some of the swords, shields and other weapons which make the Armeria of Madrid so remarkable in point of personal history and of artistic excellence.

The numerous suits made for and belonging to Charles V. may be considered as the backbone of this collection. For the adequate display of these armours many figures (mounted and foot) are necessary, and were it not for the many losses the Armeria has sustained, yet more figures would be necessary. We may begin by noting the five armours constructed by the famous Colman Helmschmied of Augsburg. The earliest of these, familiarly known as the "Adiamantados," from the margins of the various pieces, was made in about 1515, and is shown on the mounted figure A 26, and the foot figures 19 and 27. Of these, 26 shows the young Prince as he then was, mounted for

to the suit. In No. 108, "de Eslabones," or "strike a light," made in 1531 by Colman, we have a light suit for war, where ability to hurt others was more considered than self-protection. The "eslabone," or steel, which is so prominent a feature in the collar of the Toison d'Or, is in this suit much used for ornamentation. This is the latest suit made for Charles V. by Colman Helmschmied, who died the next year. The splendid armour known as that of "Cuernos de Abundancia," from the frequent occurrence of the cornucopia on it, is now considered to be the work of Desiderio Colman, who succeeded Colman Helmschmied in work for Charles. The first figure is mounted, and the armour of both man and horse is for war, with a very large neckguard developed from the left pauldron. A splendid example of this armourer's work is No. 129, commonly known as the armour with broad bands, "Fajas Espesas." This was designed for fighting on foot. In No. 139, the suit known as "de los Mascarones," or masks, we come to the work of the famous brothers Negrolí of Milan in 1536. Of this armour only twenty-four pieces of the original thirty-eight are now in the Armeria. But the most important pieces fortunately are here.

A foot armour bears the initials D. P. T., which Count Valencia has been unable to assign to any known armourer of the date of the suit. Count Valencia has remarked the fondness of Charles V. for armour ornamented with vertical stripes of varying width, and notes that in a period of twenty years he had five armours made with this design. Of these, two suits were for all kinds of arms, one for war, with extra pieces for the joust, and two for war exclusively. These last were made in 1538 and 1543. One of the suits for all arms is popularly known as the "Tonelete de Hojas de Roble," or the tonlet with oak leaves, from the style of ornament employed. With this suit also is a handsome jousting shield attached to the left shoulder, and of rather later date than the rest of the armour. It bears the signature of Daniel Hopfer, 1536. There is also a splendid burgonet, or parade head-piece, in form of a dolphin's head. Nos. 149 and 151 show portions of a suit, some of which was lost in Charles's unfortunate expedition against Barbarossa in 1541. This armour, commonly known as the Argel armour, has a very fine bard for the horse, designed, it is supposed, by Hans Burgkmair. A portion of the suit was recovered at the Fontaine sale in London in 1884. Another of the Emperor's armours is a very richly-ornamented suit, made by Bartolomeo Campi of Pesaro in 1546. It was



A 75.
ARMET WITH ADDITIONAL REINFORCING PIECES.

apparently a gift to Charles from Guidobaldo II., whose monogram is on the shoulder.

"STORIES OF MY AUNT."

NO other literature in the world is so rich in memoirs as that of France. Our own surpasses it in poetry, fiction and other works of the imagination; but in writing memoirs no Englishman has shown himself as gifted as are our Gallic neighbours. It is very high praise, therefore, to say that "The Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, 1781-1814" (Heinemann) is worthy to rank with the best of its kind. The portrait which serves as frontispiece prepares us for the vivacious story. It shows us a decidedly pretty lady, somewhat small and delicate of feature, but with a countenance in which we read much charm, plenty of *esprit* and a piquant wilfulness. Mme. de Boigne was of the bluest blood. On her father's side she claimed as ancestors those Norman Osmonds one of whom ruled Somerset under William the Conqueror, while another was the Archbishop St. Osmond whose dust rests in Salisbury Cathedral. The estates of those who remained at home were diminished by division at inheritance. Her father was the Marquis d'Osmond. Her mother came of the Dillons of Roscommon. She was



A 108
A LIGHT FIGHTING SUIT.

A 151.
ARMOUR BY ARGEL.

A 139
SPLINTED ARMOUR BY NEGROLI.

born at Versailles, where, as a baby, she was the plaything of the princes and the Court. The Comtesse de Boigne was married at sixteen, but before reaching that age had seen as much of life as many another woman has done at thirty. Just before the Revolution "the gay Court of France" attained its highest distinction in wit, licence and exclusiveness.

Wealthy members of the middle class might pass the barrier of society at Paris, but "the balls of Versailles restored the line of demarcation in the most uncompromising manner." M. de Dusson, described as "a young man of charming appearance, immense wealth and an excellent officer," when he had the temerity to go to one of these balls, was turned out with such harshness that he committed suicide to escape the ridicule that would have followed. Clumsiness was equally punished. M. de Chabanner, well-born, rich and handsome, had the ill-luck to fall while dancing, and in his confused dismay exclaimed, "Jésus Maria." The words were at once pitched upon as a nickname for him. He embarked for the American wars and returned after a distinguished career, but he was still "Jesus Maria." The Duc de Coigny summed up the situation when he bade his daughters "remember that in this country vice is immaterial, but ridicule is fatal." It may easily be imagined that love intrigues and intimacies form a considerable part of the memoirs of a lady born into this atmosphere. During the first years of her parents' stay at Versailles they divided their summer between the houses of the Duc d'Orleans, Sainte Assise and le Raincy. Much of her time was spent at Hautefontaine, which nominally belonged to the Archbishop of Narbonne, though in reality it was the property of his niece, Mme. de Rothe, daughter of his sister, Lady Forester. It was one of the many curious *ménages* which we meet with in the course of the book. One of the most affecting passages in these pages is that describing the death of this lady, with whom the Archbishop lived in intimacy for some fifty years. She went heroically through a dinner at which d'Osmond was present, careful above all things not to let the Archbishop know how ill she was. As soon as he was gone she cried:

"Ah! I was waiting for this moment. D'Osmond, shut the door on him and lock it, and then ring the bell."

A servant came.

"William, you must go to the Archbishop and occupy his attention, to prevent him from returning here."

All this was said with great vivacity; she then resumed a quieter tone, and said to my father: "At his age a shock would do him no good, and I feel that my time has come."

"Shall we send for your doctor?"

"My friend, doctors are quite useless, but send at once for a priest; it is more suitable for the Archbishop!"

In ten minutes she was dead. The Archbishop was a typically easy ecclesiastic. He regretted her sincerely, but this did not seem to interfere with his appetite for enjoyment, and he used to say how glad he was she died without pain. The Napoleonic stories in the book are extremely interesting, and they are told with rather more than the lady's usual wit and malice. She did not love Napoleon, and, indeed, his way with women was scarcely calculated to endear him to the sex. The following is a characteristic anecdote:

Perhaps it was prejudice on my part, but the Emperor seemed to me frightful, and looked like a mock king. I was standing between two women unknown to me. He asked the first her name, and she replied that she was the daughter of Foacier.

"Ah!" he said, and passed on.

According to his custom, he also asked my name, which I told him.

"You live at Beauregard?"

"Yes, sire."

"It is a beautiful spot, and your husband employs much labour there; I am grateful to him for the service he does to the country, as I am to all who employ workmen. He has been in the English army?"

I thought it shorter to answer "Yes," but he continued:

"That is to say, not entirely. He is a Savoyard, is he not?"

"Yes, sire."

"But you are French, entirely French, and we therefore claim you, for you are not one of those rights easily surrendered."

I bowed.

"How old are you?"

I told him.

"And frank into the bargain. You look much younger."

I bowed again. He stepped back half a pace, and then came up to me, speaking lower in a confidential tone:

"You have no children? I know that is not your fault, but you should make better arrangements. Believe me, I am giving you good advice."

I remained stupefied; he looked at me for a moment with a gracious smile, and went on to my neighbour.

"Your name?"

"A daughter of Foacier."

"Another daughter of Foacier!" and he continued his promenade.



A 142.

WORN IN THE EXPEDITION AGAINST BARBAROSSA, 1541.

I cannot express the deep aristocratic disdain with which the phrase "another daughter of Foacier" left the imperial lips.

At Hautefontaine it is no wonder that there was a good deal of licence in the conversation.

The social tone was so free that my mother has told me that she was often embarrassed to the point of tears. During the first years of her marriage the sarcasms and jests to which she was exposed often made her very unhappy, but the patronage of the Archbishop was too valuable to be rejected by the young couple. An old *grand vicaire*, who happened to be in the midst of this cheerful company, seeing her very sad one day, remarked: "Marquise, do not worry; one of your faults is your beauty, but that will be pardoned. But if you wish to live peaceably, take more pains to conceal your love for your husband; it is the one kind of love which is not tolerated here." In this connection it may be interesting to note the version given by the Comtesse of a story that has been often told of

Marie Antoinette, though erroneously if the following paragraph be correct :

Madame Victoire was by no means clever, though extremely kind. It is said of her that during a famine, when the conversation turned upon the sufferings of the poor for want of bread, she said, with tears in her eyes, "But why cannot they put up with pie crust?"

In a note we are told that to appreciate this anecdote it must be added that the good Princess had an extreme dislike to pie crust, which she could not eat. Too long to quote, but excessively curious, is the history of the King's method of going to bed, an act that was performed with ceremonies that now would be considered too much of a caricature for use in comic opera. We give but a single incident, and not the most ludicrous of the series :

The King's coat, waistcoat and shirt were taken off; he stood there naked to his waist, scratching and rubbing himself as if he had been alone, in the presence of the whole court and often of many strangers of distinction. The first valet handed the night-shirt to the most highly qualified person, to one of the princes of the blood if any were present; this was a right and not a favour. When the person was one with whom he was on familiar terms, the King would often play tricks while putting it on, stepping on one side to make the holder run after him, accompanying these charming jokes with loud guffaws, which greatly vexed those who were sincerely attached to him. When his shirt was on he put on his dressing-gown, while three valets unfastened his waist-belt and knee-breeches, which fell down to his ankles, and in that garb, scarcely able to walk with these ridiculous fetters, he would shuffle round the circle of those in waiting.

The Comtesse de Boigne is personal rather than historical in her memoirs. But as she lived through the great days of the Revolution and in the midst of the society most gravely affected by it, it will be easily understood that she throws on it a sidelight more valuable than shed by many histories. It was owing to political troubles that she spent so much time in England, her first visit being made while the Revolution was in progress. Her father returned to France in 1790. The following anecdote refers to this time. D'Osmont was at Toulon staying with M. Malouet, the naval commissary and a friend of his, waiting for a change of wind to permit his embarkation, when he was informed that a Corsican gentleman desired to see him. The young gentleman asked for a passage, and at dinner on the boat the father of the Comtesse invited him, as he was wearing the uniform of the military school to the table. He refused.

M. de Belloc came back irritated, and said to my father, "I should like to throw the unsociable little fellow into the sea. He has an unpleasant face. Will you grant me permission, Colonel?"

"No," said my father, laughing; "and I am not of your opinion. His face shows character, and I am sure that he will be heard of some day."

The unsociable fellow was the future Emperor Napoleon. Belloc has related this scene to me at least ten times, adding with a sigh, "Ah, if the Colonel had only allowed me to throw him into the sea, he would not be turning the world upside down to-day."

In the course of her wanderings the Comtesse de Boigne met many people with whom the English reader is intimate. At Naples she and her mother were the guests of the Queen just at the time when Lady Hamilton was coming into favour. The following story of Greville, it need scarcely be said, is quite inaccurate:

Mr. Greville happened to enter his kitchen one day, and saw a young girl by the fireside with one foot bare, as she was mending the stocking of black wool which had covered it. Her angelic beauty attracted his notice, and he discovered that she was a sister of his groom. He found no difficulty in bringing her upstairs and installing her in his drawing-room. He lived with her for some time, and had her taught to read and write.

The true story is much more pathetic. Poor Emma's letter to Greville when she had been ruined by her seducer—"What shall I do, what shall I do?"—puts Greville in a much finer

light than this. Here, however, is a vivid account of the famous attitudes of Lady Hamilton in which the Countess took a part:

One day she placed me on my knees before an urn, with my hands together in the attitude of prayer. Leaning over me, she seemed lost in grief, and both of us had our hair dishevelled. Suddenly, rising and moving backward a little, she grasped me by the hair with a movement so sudden that I turned round in surprise and almost in fright, which brought me precisely into the spirit of my part, for she was brandishing a dagger. The passionate applause of the artists who were looking on resounded with exclamations of "Brava, Medea!" Then drawing me to her and clasping me to her breast as though she were fighting to preserve me from the anger of Heaven, she evoked loud cries of "Viva, la Niobe!"

We are almost inclined to suspect that there is something of the same inaccuracy in her account of her husband. General de Boigne sent an emissary to propose marriage when she was sixteen years of age and he was forty-nine. It was a very definite offer. General de Boigne stated his income to be 20,000 louis, and offered a dowry of 3,000 louis and she asked for a day to consider her answer, "although my mind was made up forthwith." She carried through the negotiations with a high hand, though she complains that her husband deceived her about his past, his name, his family and his antecedents. The following is her sketch of his character:

Years of life in India had added the full force of Oriental jealousy to that which would naturally arise in the mind of a man of his age; in addition to this, he was endowed with the most disagreeable character that Providence ever granted to man. He wished to arouse dislike as others wished to please. He was anxious to make every one feel the domination of his great wealth, and he thought that the only mode of making an impression was to hurt the feelings of other people. He insulted his servants, he offended his guests, and his wife was, *a fortiori* a victim to this grievous fault of character. He was an honourable man, trustworthy in business, and his ill-breeding had even a certain kind of heartiness; but his disagreeable temperament, displayed with all the ostentation of wealth, the most repellent of all forms of outward show, made association with him so unpleasant a business that he was never able to secure the friendship of any individual in any class of society, notwithstanding his numerous benefactions.

The marriage, as may be supposed, quickly proved an unhappy one. The bride of sixteen left her husband before she was seventeen, stayed away three months from him, and returned on a sort of agreement to patch up life as well as they could. Her version of de Boigne is certainly that of an angry, jealous woman. In a new book just newly published, called "Hindustan under Free Lances," a very different character is given him. The very able writer, Mr. H. G. Keene, says of him: "He was not only the greatest soldier of his class, but by far the most distinguished by benevolence and general ability." It is difficult to close this fascinating book, and, indeed, the portions of it we have marked for quotation would make a small volume of themselves. We must however, leave to the reader the delightful task of finding them out. A word ought to be said, however, about the manuscript which has been pigeon-holed for so long. The book is a first instalment of the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne," and the publishers' note which is prefixed declares, with evident truth, that they make "a unique document." The second volume will bring the narrative down to 1830. The Countess tells us that she originally wrote these notes for her nephew and intended to call them "Stories of my Aunt," but death changed her proposals, and she wrote in 1860: "This manuscript will be placed in the Library of the Château d'Osmont in the department of Orne, the cradle of my ancestors and my own tomb." The volume has been carefully edited by M. Charles Nicoulaud. It is with real regret that we find ourselves unable to afford space for more than a reference to the piquante and diverting account of Madame de Staël and the friendship between the Comtesse de Boigne and Madame Récamier.

SHOOTING.

LOOKING AHEAD.

ONLY a few short weeks ago it seemed on a general survey of the prospects of the shooting season, as far as it was possible to forecast it so long beforehand, that it never had been brighter. Of grouse there was a splendid stock generally on the moors, there was not a vestige of disease, and though the experience of last year had taught us that it does not do to count one's chickens, even grouse chicks, before they are hatched, yet there was no reason to expect the very unfavourable weather at nesting-time which dashed so many good hopes then; in fact, the prospect was very pleasing. It may be said, by the by, that even last year the evil supposed to have been wrought by the bad weather was happily found to have been much exaggerated; but in regard to the principal evil attacking the grouse stock this year over a large portion of the area occupied by it, it is to be feared that there is no possibility of mistake whatever. First we heard rumours of disease, not too fully confirmed, from the Elgin and Banff direction; then it seemed as if it descended to

Perthshire and thence have spread, and at the moment of writing to be no doubt still spreading (who will venture to say how far?). So appeared that disease which has been absolutely dormant ever since the first appointment of the Grouse Disease Commission, as it calls itself. By all the accounts the disease has made its appearance in very virulent form. There is now no longer any reason for the pathologists of that Commission to be regarded with the compassion which the little girl expressed for the "poor lion" in the amphitheatre that "hasn't got a Christian." They can now find more than enough victims for their examination. The disease seems to have broken out with remarkable suddenness and to have spread with remarkable rapidity, and its appearance sufficiently shows that no real reliance can be placed on such simple measures of prevention, which some have fondly supposed to be adequate, as the burning of the moors to get rid of the old heather and so on. Of course, all these are points to the good. Keepers have a better knowledge than of old of the conditions required by grouse for their health and welfare; they know how to block back the

little springs, to give them reservoirs of clean water to drink in the dry seasons, and so forth, and the stock of the grouse, when the disease came upon it, was in a very healthy state. There is no use in anticipating the worst—last year, when the bad weather at nesting-time came, there were lamentations, and everyone said there would not be any grouse-shooting worth speaking of, whereas it turned out to be a remarkably good year—but this is rather a different kind of visitation. The census of the grouse is not an easy one to take, for moors cannot be disturbed by looking for the nests, and, of course, the disease is very far from universal. We hear of nests of nice healthy fledgelings being found, in spite of the cold rains at the latter end of May and other untoward circumstances, and until the actual shooting begins there will not be much chance of learning more, except where disease has ended in death.

With the partridges the position is different. It is reasonable to think that we shall know, soon after the hatch out, a good deal more about the stock we are likely to find in September than we can know now. In the case of partridges the keepers are able to make a calculation approximately exact of the numbers of birds hatched in each field. After birds have begun to go away into the growing corn the keepers do not see much more of them, and the calculations shortly after the hatch are the last that can be made till the shooting begins. The reason for such few mistakes as the keepers commit in their calculations is generally that they have not made allowance for second broods brought up by parents which have been unlucky with the first lot. Thus the result is, for this reason, likely to be rather better than the fair estimate which the keeper thinks himself entitled to make.

But though it is true that we cannot carry the conjectures as to the stock of partridges for shooting very far at present, all that we can yet say about them is on the credit side. Of course, in certain places they will be poor. Although last season's partridges, hardly less than last season's grouse, bettered expectation, although the damage done by the thunder-storms was far less general and far more local than had been feared, still, where these storms did come down they wrought their havoc thoroughly, and in places where the stock suffered so severely as then it takes more than one year to bring it to the proper standard again. How soon the ground recovers itself depends not only on the restraint of the actual owner in shooting it in the season following a heavy loss; it

fair enough stock was left. The winter, especially in the best partridge counties, has been severe, but birds are not likely to have been hurt by it, and generally, always excepting the lands which were virtually bare of young birds last year, the prospects for this year's sport are extremely good. The new stock for the shooting has, of course, all to be reared, and, "one never can tell"; but there is no present apparent reason why the numbers



MONGOLIAN HENS.

should not be abundant. The foliage of the year is backward, and nests will be the more open on that account to the attacks of poachers, two-legged and four-legged, furred and feathered, demanding exceptional watchfulness on the part of the keepers. But partridge-keepers are increasing in wisdom, and their science and care will not be wanting.

THE WET WEATHER AND MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

ALL the cold rains which have been so continuous in the North have been severe enough on the grouse; and in the South, if the cold has been less constant, the rain has been hardly less heavy in many localities, and must be making the conditions of life for pheasant chicks very disagreeable. It is a state of affairs in which the value of the Mongolians and their crosses may be very strongly emphasised, for there can be no doubt that these birds are superior to the commoner kind in hardiness and in endurance of uncomfortable surroundings. It will be many years yet before the supply of the new breed becomes at all equal to the demand, unless indeed it develops some extraordinary and unforeseen evil qualities which have been entirely latent hitherto. One never knows.

DISEASED GROUSE EGGS.

A correspondent remarks on the curious shape and colour of some of the eggs of the grouse taken from nests in districts (the one under particular notice is in Forfarshire) where the disease is rife. The eggs are singular both in shape and colour, small, thin and pointed and of a hue almost like a pheasant's egg, but greener and without a spot or a streak on them. There can be no reasonable doubt that this remarkable tint and form are connected in some way with the disease, but no conjecture seems to be offered as to the precise nature of the connection. This is just one of the points which the pathological experts of the Grouse Disease Commission may be expected to investigate and make clear to us; and perhaps the change in the character of the eggs may be of some assistance to them in indicating the character and the causes of the disease itself.

MORTALITY AMONG YOUNG WILD DUCK LAST YEAR.

Last year there was very considerable mortality among small wild ducks. The reason was never very accurately determined, but the fact was in evidence, in the first place, from the numbers of the young birds which were found lying about dead, or were seen washed down by the rivers, and, in the second place, by a failure in the usual numbers when shooting began. On one river which we heard of where they generally expect something like ninety duck at the first shoot, the total bag of the day last year was five. This was in Scotland, and it does not appear that wild duck in the South suffered, if at all, to anything like the same extent. The cause was presumed to be an absence of insect food, consequent on a prolonged period of drought just before the hatch out, at the moment that the young birds especially wanted it. It is readily to be understood, and is well recognised, that such



ALL RIGHT UP TO THE PRESENT.

depends, too, on the restraint of neighbouring owners and the stock of birds left on neighbouring estates. If the stock which is left be a fairly abundant one, there will be some drift of the birds belonging to that ground to the denuded land in the vicinity, and this will help the birds actually hatched there in replenishing it. Where the ground did not suffer from the thunder-storms the stock of birds was good for shooting, and a

a lack causes much famine among young partridges, pheasants and grouse, but in the case of an aquatic bird one might think that it would find insect food in the water, even if not on land. Very likely, however, an absence of insect life in the grasses on the bank might mean short commons for the ducklings. This year, however, there has been far more rain than enough since their hatching-out time.

HEATHER-BURNING AND SALMON-ANGLING.

The past spring, or the early part of it, during which heather-burning was permitted, was on the whole very favourable for that useful process, and moors should have been well burnt. We have lately heard a new complaint about heather-burning—namely, that it prevents salmon from rising in any river adjacent to the moors where it is being done. The ingenious salmon-fisher shows his ingenuity in nothing more markedly than in finding reasons why the fish do not rise, and those which we have heard of old have been many and various, but about this there is a distinct note of novelty. The idea of those who voice this lamentation is that the burning causes a

smoky mist and smuts to descend on the water, and as it is often said that salmon will not rise when the mist comes down on the river, an inference seems to be drawn from the rainy mist and applied by analogy to the attenuated vapour of smoke which is all that is likely to reach the river from the burning of some far-distant moor. We mention this not so much as a deterrent to the heather-burner (if we thought it would so act we should not mention it) as in compliment to the salmon-fisher's fertility in excuse.

LATE RABBITS.

It is pretty certain that this year it will not be till quite an unusually late date in the season that it will be safe to begin ferreting for rabbits. Even so, the word "safe" in this connection has to be understood in a strictly relative sense; it can hardly be said that you are ever absolutely safe from the risk of the ferret's "lying up" with a nest of young rabbits, until you dig him out, but at certain times of year there is far less probability of it than at others. "Bibby" rabbits are about in numbers unusual at this date.

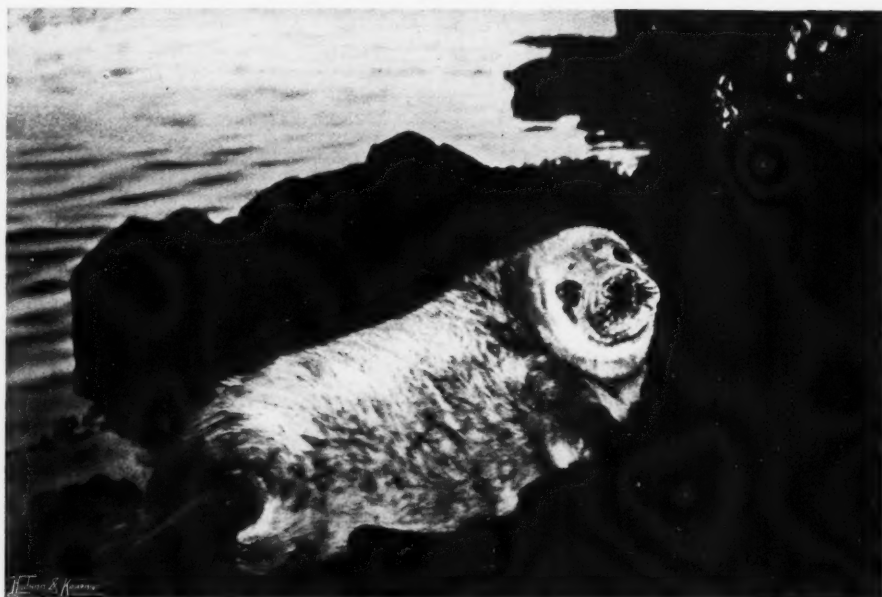
[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

A HAUNT OF THE GREY SEAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Heaving our anchor on a beautiful morning in early October, the air crisp and clear and a brilliant sun overhead, we steamed gaily up the Islay Sound. White waves splashed and curled at the bows of our vessel as she cut through the tide, leaving a trail of foam astern; and sea-birds, not less white, skimmed the surface of the water, or wheeled above us, eager to pick up the flotsam of the cuisine. On the undulating slopes of the Jura Hills, as we passed them by on our right, we marked large herds of deer, their tawny coats blending with the russet and gold of the autumn-tinted moor. Away on our left the Rhuvaa light-house stood boldly out against the steep cliffs of Islay that face the western sea, and far ahead the dim outline of the Island of Oronsay, so interesting for its Celtic cross and ruined priory, came into view. Thither we shaped our course, and, drawing ever nearer, could hear the ominous roar of the Atlantic swell, as the big waves broke and dashed against the rocks and skerries which guard this lonely isle of the sea and have made it a beloved haunt of the grey, or ocean, seal. Dropping our anchor, we were soon paddling gently towards a sheltered bay, protected by reefs and islets from the force of the Atlantic roll. Close in shore the air was filled with the sound of the seals calling to one another, such a sweet, plaintive lilt, and so like a singing human voice, that surely the ocean seal must be responsible for ancient legends of sirens and sea-maidens with flowing hair, fish bodies and voices of irresistible charm. The bay was perfectly calm. Not a ruffle disturbed its translucent depths. Seaweed of brilliant copper colour gently rocked to and fro as the incoming tide rose and fell, and the sun seemed to shine with concentrated heat on this secluded spot. What wonder that those shy beasts of the sea should have selected so fair a haven, far from the busy haunts of men, to be their home. Rounding the point of a rock that had hitherto concealed our boat from view, we saw that on every flat stone or ledge a seal lay basking as



A BABY WHITE SEAL.

they love to do, in the warm rays of the sun, their silvery yellowish bodies with black spots being easily distinguishable. Seals are very wary, and being intensely quick, both in hearing and smell, and always on the alert against danger, are most difficult to approach. Only too soon they heard us coming, and, in an instant, we saw them plunge head foremost into the water, dive down and disappear. The bay, a moment before so still and calm, was transformed into an angry sheet of foam. We desired especially to see the young seals, and on landing speedily discovered them lying on flat ledges of rock just lifted high enough out of the water to prevent the helpless animals

being washed off. Sweet little balls of white yellowish silk, too young to move, they gazed at us from the unfathomable depths of large, liquid eyes in which lay a world of fear. When touched or stroked they uttered little sobbing sounds, while big tears welled up and trickled down their faces, a most pathetic sight. The mother seals grew bold in their anxiety for their young, and rose quite near the ledges where we stood, diving down one moment and up the next, and uttering low guttural sounds as they passed to and fro. Hardly had we retraced our steps and pushed off our boat when we saw them waddle ashore and crawl up on to the ledges to see that all was well with their little ones. As we steamed slowly away in the rising mist of the October evening, the young seals showed up in faint white patches against the black rocks, and there we left these children of the sea at peace in their immense solitude, with the low murmur of the flood tide crooning a lullaby. In our remembrance there lingers the plaintive sob and pathetic, tear-filled eyes of the baby ocean seal, and it is pleasant to know that there are still lonely unfrequented shores where the seals can live and die undisturbed.—JESSIE CAMERON.



BASKING ON A ROCK.

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